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Events of the Week.

THE British Medical Association, at its last representative meeting, definitely decided to refuse the terms of the Government. The position is rendered exceedingly interesting by the fact that less than half the profession have voted on the matter, and this in itself should be quite sufficient to prevent the decision being binding on the large number who did not vote. No attempt was made (in spite of the well-known desire of large numbers of the profession) to release members from their pledge, although the circumstances under which they were asked for that pledge are now entirely changed. On the following day, six distinguished members of the Association Council issued a manifesto, in which they announced their resignations as a protest against this policy and against the Association's action in putting before the profession an alternative proposal for furnishing medical attendance, “which depends for its success on the co-operation of the Friendly Societies and other approved societies, and is therefore diametrically opposed to one of the cardinal points of the Association's original policy.”

This alternative scheme has been killed at birth, for on Tuesday the Government issued an official statement declining to sanction any proposals for medical benefit which would involve the expenditure of public money without public control. In the meantime the insurance committees are proceeding with the work of forming panels, and there is every indication that in most places

there will be a sufficiency of doctors to work the Act. A conference on Christmas Eve between the Middlesex Insurance Committee and the London doctors was besieged by B.M.A. pickets who, quite in the trade-union manner, attempted to dissuade the doctors from attending the meeting. These tactics have resulted in failure, and the Middlesex Committee anticipate that they will have no difficulty in getting a full panel. The same tale comes from most of the big industrial centres, while the Glasgow and West of Scotland branch of the B.M.A. has decided, on the casting vote of their Chairman, to accept the Government's proposals. In the event of there being an insufficiency of doctors to form a panel in any district, the Government announce that other provision—we suppose a State Medical Service—will be made for giving medical benefit to insured persons.

An attempt to assassinate the Viceroy of India at Delhi has, happily, failed. An impressive State procession, followed by a Durbar, had been arranged for Monday to celebrate the transference of the capital of India from Calcutta to Delhi. The procession, mounted on elephants, was passing down the picturesque street known as Chandni Chowk, when a man, who is supposed to have been stationed on the roof of a native bank, threw a bomb, with accurate aim, at Lord Hardinge. The back of his howdah was shattered; his umbrella-bearer and, it is said, a boy in the crowd were killed on the spot. The Viceroy was wounded somewhat seriously in the shoulder and slightly in the neck and thigh, while Lady Hardinge and the driver were untouched. The Viceroy ordered the procession to proceed, and then fainted, and was removed to hospital. Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson took his place, and the ceremony was completed with admirable coolness. A successful operation has been performed for the removal of the nails with which the bomb was filled, and there is no reason to fear serious consequences.

THE choice of this occasion for such an outrage presents a baffling puzzle in the psychology of political crime. It was a festival which celebrated a new era of gradual progress towards self-government. It is possible that some fanatic, who wished to check the process of reconciliation and to make chaos in order to hasten revolt, was the author of the attempt. There have been several minor outrages since September which must be ascribed to the extremist terrorists among the Nationalists. Another suggestion is that the criminal may be a Moslem maddened by the spectacle of Turkish defeats. That seems to us a far-fetched theory; nor is mere individual insanity a likely explanation, since the making of a bomb usually implies the co-operation of several conspirators. So far, the police have no clue, and the criminal is at large. The “Manchester Guardian” justly points out that, in spite of this outrage, our representatives are safer among an alien population in India than are the rulers of the United States and Spain among their own peoples.

THE Balkan Peace Conference met on Monday for a brief sitting. The Turkish delegates announced that they had now at length received their instructions, and were able to negotiate with the Greeks without insisting on a signature of the armistice. The official statement makes no mention of any demand from them for the revictualling of Adrianople, but a semi-official statement reports that this demand is held in reserve, and will be pressed later. The Allies then presented their conditions. These are the cession of all Turkish territory west of a line drawn from Rodostro, on the Sea of Marmora, to a point near Midia, on the Black Sea, with the exception of the Gallipoli peninsula. The question of Albania is left for the decision of the Powers, and Turkey is required to cede Crete and all the islands of the *Ægean*. These terms were what might have been expected, but the Turks affected surprise, and asked for an adjournment of the Conference until Saturday.

It is relatively satisfactory that the Turks have not at once broken off negotiations, by insisting, as it had been expected they would, upon the revictualling of Adrianople. They are now manifestly playing for delay, a course which possibly represents a compromise between the Moderates, who desire European mediation, and the Extremists, who wish to renew the war. The Triple Entente is said to have advised the cession of Adrianople. Preparations for hostilities continue, and there are even rumors of the purchase by the Turks of torpedo boats. The indifference of the Turks to the signature of the armistice by Greece is doubtless due to the belief that further fighting in Epirus and at sea may be favorable to Turkey. It is impossible to place any confidence in the reports of the campaign in Epirus, where both sides, in unconvincing telegrams, claim successes. Another sortie has been made by the Turkish fleet from the Dardanelles. One can only say of this that, on the one hand, the Turks would not, or could not, sail far from their base, and, on the other, that by ill-luck or prudence the Greeks were not able to meet them in force. Fighting before Scutari continues, and apparently the Turks are meeting there with some success.

AN official announcement states that the Conference of the Ambassadors of the Powers in London has come to an agreement to recognise the principle of Albanian autonomy, and to arrange for Serbia a commercial outlet on the Adriatic. In an admirably reasonable and public-spirited speech, M. Poincaré has supplied some further details. The autonomy of Albania is to be under the control of Europe, but subject to the suzerainty of the Sultan. The port is to be neutral and free, and will be supplied by an international railway. This solution apparently excludes the territorial sovereignty of Serbia over an Albanian port, but it will guarantee her the essential at which she aims—namely, full liberty to export and import whatever she produces or requires, including her pigs and munitions of war. It is understood that Serbia has accepted these terms, and Austria, with all the Great Powers, has assented. The Russian press manifests violent hostility to the idea of Albanian autonomy.

THE Unionist press and platform still reverberate with notes of dismay and recrimination. Not one but several fissures of policy appear. The food taxes and the Referendum are separate bones of contention. The latter is, indeed, according to the "Times" correspondent, a stronger issue in Lancashire than the former.

The "Liverpool Courier" insists that without the restoration of the Referendum the hard-won Unionist victories in Manchester, Liverpool, and Blackburn will be reversed at the next election, and that there will be a net loss of Unionist seats. This is likely enough. Moreover, for Lancashire the mischief is done. Even if Mr. Bonar Law could eat his latest words, there would be no security that they would stay eaten. Meanwhile, it will take more than the ingenuity of Mr. F. E. Smith to reconcile the workers of our towns to the proposed taxation of their bread. His proposal to exempt Colonial corn and to remove the taxes upon tea and sugar is not specious enough to impose on anyone who takes into consideration the fiscal needs of a Tory Government with its shipbuilding and conscription policy.

MEANWHILE the "Observer," as might be expected, adds fuel to the flames. The situation for the Unionist Party "is not dissimilar from what it was after the *débâcle* of 1906," and unless it secures "the very coolest and most careful management, there will be an end of it for a generation or for always." But the careful management which Mr. Garvin prescribes appears to amount to a plain declaration for the right to impose food taxes without a referendum, *i.e.*, for the policy of the extreme minority of the Tariff Reform Party. By what act of management is poor Mr. Bonar Law to reconcile this policy with the stubborn needs of Lancashire? To aggravate the confusion, every day brings fresh sheaves of remonstrance from the Colonies to whom he proposed to hand over John Bull, bound and helpless. The wound to Colonial Imperialism conveyed by this unlucky suggestion will leave a scar of suspicion which Unionist policy will find it very difficult to remove.

MR. BONAR LAW's errors have a wide range, reaching from fallacious principles to the most intimate details of error. In his famous Ashton-under-Lyne speech he was audacious enough to tell a hard-headed audience of Lancashire men that they need not bother their heads about the fiscal policy of India because the real competition which India had to fear was that of China and Japan, not of Lancashire. Lord Crewe's letter of comment on this utterance is crushing. "The facts are that 91·78 per cent. of the total cotton import comes from Lancashire, 1·52 per cent. from Japan, and 0·35 per cent. from China."

A CORRESPONDENT writes us in some apprehension of a further strike on the North-Eastern Railway, and fears that some remarks of ours on Mr. Chester Jones's findings in the Knox case may be quoted in favor of such a movement. We cannot see either the likelihood of such folly or how our own attitude could promote it. We said in our second article, as in our first, that the strike was quite "irrational," and that if such action became customary with the workers, it must be the "ruin" of trade unionism. The error in the Knox case was the magistrate's, not the company's, who, after all, acted moderately on the result of the case, and as a body concerned for the lives of the public was bound to act. Unfortunately, the magistrate's decision was wrong, and this fact gave an entirely new turn to the case. In such circumstances, we cannot but think that the company would have done well simply to reinstate Knox and the strikers, without imposing a fine for the breach of contract. The whole matter was abnormal; indeed, "wild justice" cannot, as we showed last week, act normally. What is wanted is the setting up of a good understanding

and a friendly tone in the service; and this end, we hope, both parties will promote.

* * *

WE are glad to learn that there is no basis for Mr. Keir Hardie's recent statement that the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress were considering the advisability of a demonstration in favor of a universal eight-hour day. The suggestion was that on May 1st the workers in every organized trade should "down tools" after working for eight hours, thus challenging a general lock-out. Mr. Davis, Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee, flatly denies that there is any likelihood of such action. Though a shorter working day for most trades is exceedingly desirable, it cannot be taken as the first, or, indeed, as a separate plank, in the platform of the National Minimum. Moreover, the same length of work-day for all trades alike is neither practicable nor desirable, and if it were, the universal demonstration proposed by Mr. Hardie is a foolish way of seeking to secure it.

* * *

MR. CHURCHILL's enemies, who are not fair or over-scrupulous in methods, sustained a signal defeat in their attempt to fasten blame upon him in connection with Sir Francis Bridgeman's retirement. It is perhaps well that the matter should have been so fully debated and that so full an opportunity of explanation should have been afforded. The First Sea Lord's own letters make it evident his health was such as to impair his full efficiency for so critical a post, and all will agree that Mr. Churchill was right in over-ruling in the public interest the not unnatural reluctance to retire which Sir Francis betrayed in his reply to Mr. Churchill's first suggestion. It is satisfactory to know for certain that no difference of naval policy entered into the decision, and that the imputations of Parliamentary critics did not even pretend to be founded upon anything more than vague and groundless rumors.

* * *

THE abundant evidence before the Select Committee on the matter of Sir Stuart Samuel's seat was an interesting education to the public in certain points of finance, but it is not surprising that so much irrelevance should not have conduced to secure a decisive judgment. The reason given for their failure to agree was that "several important and difficult questions of the law are involved." This indeed was obvious at the outset, and time would have been saved, if, instead of attempting a procedure thus foredoomed to failure, the issues had been referred in the first instance to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—the course now advised by the Committee. Sir Edward Carson, if we recollect aright, proposed the adoption of this course when the matter was first mooted in the House. The House will be invited to discuss the new reference shortly after the reassembling of Parliament.

* * *

It is so long since South Africa has been in the limelight that the resignation and reconstruction of the Botha Cabinet, which has just taken place, came as a mysterious surprise to people in this country. Little has been heard over here of the survival of racial antagonism in South Africa, though reflection would make it evident that this emotional legacy of war could not disappear so rapidly as pacific counsellors suggested. The rupture between General Botha and the wing of Dutch extremists whom General Hertzog represents has been for some time inevitable, and a recent anti-Imperialist speech

of Hertzog only hastened it. It is noteworthy that in his formal announcement General Botha was most emphatic in stating that "to me the interests of South Africa are supreme," but he holds that position subject to the qualification that "I myself and the South African party fully appreciate the Imperial ideas under our free Constitution." The new Cabinet is a strong one, and will probably be able to hold its own against any combination at present feasible.

* * *

AN American economist, Professor Lincoln Hutchinson, makes an interesting communication to the Panama controversy in the current issue of the "Economic Journal." He claims to prove by the application of the theory of monopoly prices to the facts of the Panama case that the revenue which the United States Government loses by cutting out tolls in coastwise shipping cannot be recovered by raising the rate of tolls upon the foreign shipping. His reasoning is built upon the fact that "if a price were being fixed for two classes of customers separately, the maximum-revenue rate for the less sensitive (or stronger) would be higher than for the more sensitive (weaker)." Now, foreign trade is the more sensitive, having more choice of alternative routes. The conclusion that the Government would not gain by putting higher tolls on foreign ships to recoup the cost of remitting tolls for coastwise ships, should it be accepted, ought to smooth away most of the friction. If foreigners recognised that they had nothing to fear, they would not care to interfere in what would thus be recognised as a legitimate domestic point of policy for the United States.

* * *

THE adoption by the Co-operative Wholesale Society of the minimum wage scale for their female employees, for which the Women's Co-operative Guild have so long been contending, is an event of importance in the labor world. The scale, moderate though it is, marks a considerable advance upon the existing rates paid for a majority of the 6,000 employees in the factories and other productive businesses operated by the Society. No one can say that 17s. is too much for a full week's work of a grown woman. But it is certainly 50 per cent. above the average wages of women in the ordinary labor market. Though a large number of the retail distributive stores had for some time paid this scale, and several Trade Union Congresses had passed resolutions in its favor, the directorate of the C.W.S. had opposed it, and not until last Saturday were its advocates able to muster strength enough among the constituent societies to secure its adoption.

* * *

THE closing of the Thames Ironworks, involving the discharge of a thousand men, came as a heavy blow to East End workers last Saturday. For some time past the Company has been in the hands of a receiver who, with the assistance of an Admiralty order given last summer, has been trying to keep the business alive while negotiating for its reconstruction or sale. The order of the Court to close and sell the works forthwith by auction was obtained by the debenture holders. Mr. Arnold Hills, the Chairman of the old Company, has fought most valiantly a losing battle, and does not yet despair of staving off the closure. He has given notice of appeal against the decision of the Court. Mr. Smart, the receiver, holds, it is understood, the view that a purchaser cannot be found unless the workers will consent to give up the eight hours day and revert to the ordinary nine hours day common in the engineering trade.

Politics and Affairs.

"APPARENT DIFFERENCES OF OPINION."

NEXT year the Unionist Party celebrates its wooden wedding with Protection. It does not look as if the occasion would be one of unmixed happiness. It is hardly possible even for those not intimately acquainted with their marital relations to believe them quite agreeable. During the last few weeks, indeed, open bickerings have occurred. Ungrateful followers put it all down to Mr. Bonar Law. No doubt Mr. Law has done his best. But even he, with his mastery of the art of indiscretion, could not have sown so much dissension in the party if the elements had not been there. The fact is that all these troubles which have just ripened for the party have been there from the beginning. They have only been kept in partial obscurity by the policy of studied obfuscation employed by leaders eager, at all costs, to preserve the semblance of party solidarity. The delusion that by this sham-unanimity they can destroy the Liberal Government is, however, at last beginning to be exploded. It can hardly survive to-day in Lancashire, though the removal of reporters from the critical discussion of the Unionist Party last Saturday enabled them to issue a report in which "it was unanimously agreed that any apparent difference of opinion was merely one as to method rather than as to principle." "Any apparent difference of opinion!" Grammarians have a special term to describe such a "smoothness" of speech. We are well content to believe that the apparent difference is more of method than of principle. For of principle, economic or ethical, Protection is notoriously destitute. It is all "method," as lobbying manufacturers at Washington or Ottawa well know, the method by which a dishonest, corrupting, and wasteful process of taxation is twisted to serve the purposes of business interests with "pull."

But the differences of opinion as to method are likely to prove serious enough for party discipline and electoral success. They have indeed been inherent in the situation from the time when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain threw out the tariff issue to cover the ignominy and the disastrous finance of his South African exploit. Had any political or fiscal principle prompted the proposal, it might have been laid down in a form that gave at least some promise of electoral success. Fanatical believers in the existence of "a protective principle" would probably have confined its application in this country, at any rate for experimental purposes, to a tariff upon foreign manufactured goods. For a Conservative Government could always find some other way of "making it up" to landlords and to farmers, and of hoodwinking rural laborers. Such a tariff would have had a fair prospect of adoption at any time when trade was bad and unemployment rife, for by far the most plausible of the Protectionist sophisms is that which promises increased volume and security of employment. But Tariff Reform tacticians were misled, partly by the false analogies of other Protectionist countries, partly by mixing in with this protective notion the essentially alien factor of Imperial sentiment. The former error led them to think

they must combine some agrarian protection with their manufacturing tariff, and the latter led them to the foolishness of a preferential plank, which from the very beginning commanded no popular enthusiasm, while it has been the source of half their tactical confusion.

It is really wonderful to see how the vapid Imperialistic sentimentalism generated in the Boer War has been able to deceive Tory tacticians. Not even Mr. Chamberlain's magnetic personality could win any real regard for Imperial Preference, and from 1906 onward it ought to have been obvious to all Unionist electioneers that, so long as food taxes were advocated for Imperial purposes, every cause for which they really cared—Landlordism, the Union, the Church—must suffer. Their error was entirely tactical, but it was one of great dimensions and of great variety. They believed that three separate appeals to interests and sentiment could be fused successfully into their tariff scheme; manufacturers and agriculturists were to spoil the hated foreigners, while the consumers' apprehensions would be lulled by the glory of helping to cement the Empire. The result has been three separate sources of weakness and discord. Unionists now know, if they did not before, that agricultural protection is impossible, for Lancashire will have none of it, and no Referendum, Imperial Conference, or any other dodge will impose upon these workmen whose work and food alike depend on liberty of imports and of exports. What applies to Lancashire applies also in various degrees of intensity to every one of our populous industrial centres. No wonder the eyes of the "Times" and of the "Daily Mail" at length are opened to the necessity of dropping the food taxes. No wonder the "Liverpool Courier" demands the restoration of the safeguard of a Referendum as essential to the maintenance of all the Tory seats in Lancashire.

But how can the Referendum be restored after so formal a renunciation by Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Law? Here, again, the trouble arises from "method" displacing principle. Mr. Balfour lightly injected this new revolutionary proposal into the British Constitution one summer afternoon, not because he was a believer in the principle of direct democracy, but because it seemed a useful trick to play in an electoral game. So now the curse of this levity has come home to roost. Not even Conservative workmen will ever trust their Government to make a tariff unless they have an opportunity to give their judgment on it. Small-minded politicians, like Mr. F. E. Smith, may think to dupe them by offering free sugar and tea in return for taxed corn. Mr. Garvin may expend his exuberant Sunday eloquence in urging the party to abandon its policy of "shilly shally," and to stand firmly on the food-tax platform of the pre-Referendum days. But these stalwarts know themselves to be a minority in their party, and that they cannot pump their faith into the majority. They must recognise that Food Taxes are gone for ever. Even with a Referendum, they could buoy themselves with some false hope of their adoption.

Mr. Law's appeal to the Dominions has wrecked this hope. It has wrecked more than this. Nothing could be more disconcerting than the stream of angry disavowals which pour in from every section of political opinion in each of

our self-governing Dominions. The suggestion that the responsibility of imposing British taxes shall be undertaken by Dominion representatives is everywhere regarded not merely as a *gaucherie*, but as a menace. The ordinary colonial is a simple-minded reasoner, and his reasoning leads him to the view that if he is invited to have a hand in British taxing policy, the British Government may also want to have a hand in his. Nor are his fears so foolish as they may at first appear. For, if Mr. Bonar Law's suggestion ever crystallised into a practical proposal, it would certainly appear as a part of a larger scheme of fiscal co-operation for purposes of common defence and common foreign policy between the Mother Country and the Dominions. In the expense of carrying out that policy, some common fiscal instrument would be required. Though Mr. Borden may not have thought this out, a good deal of hard and clear thinking is evidently going on in the Dominions, and Mr. Law's rash proposal will introduce a new and, on the whole, a profitable element of suspicion. The present attitude of our Empire, in India as well as in the Dominions, towards Mr. Law and his party is one of grave disquietude, which will certainly react by encouraging the sense of independent nationality which is the main stream of political tendency. The present position, then, of our Tariff Reformers is that they have succeeded in infusing a separate spirit of hostility into each of the forces whose support they have endeavored to secure for their project.

ORIENTAL DELAY.

EAST and WEST is a matter of race; it is not longitude which counts. Marching in gallant haste down their passes, forcing battles by night as well as by day, resting neither for food nor sleep, the Balkan Allies overran the broad provinces of Turkey in something less than a month. It was a triumph of impetuosity. It was an exploit superbly European. It was a charge rather than a war. At length we have the Turkish reply. There was delay over the negotiations for the armistice. There was even a little delay in the meeting of the Peace Conference. Since it met, there has been nothing but delay. It is the answer of the East to the West. Lethargy has responded to vehemence, passivity to action. The thing is too consistent to be less than conscious. This constant need for reference to Constantinople for fresh instructions, this courier who somehow cannot travel as fast as other passengers, and finally, the long adjournment of the Conference from Tuesday until Saturday—they mean only one thing. The Turks are playing for delay, and playing openly, in the face of Europe, with an imperturbable affectation of good manners and good faith, to gain time, and solely to gain time. Turks would act in this fashion even if they had no solid calculation to explain the performance. It is instinctive and habitual. In the East, something may always turn up, and next to nothing happens by the exercise of premeditated will. But, in this instance, we suspect that the Turks know what they are about. They reckon on the alteration of the military situation to their advantage. The Greeks, in all probability, were misled as much in their military as in

their political calculations when they refused to sign the armistice. They have made but little progress in Epirus, and it is not at all clear that their prospects are any brighter to-day. It is even conceivable that their attempts to invest Jannina may be utterly foiled. At sea, it is not probable that they will suffer reverse, but they are so far from commanding victory that the Turkish fleet, timid and unready at the outbreak of the war, is now perceptibly bolder, and ventures to assume the aggressive. These are the superficialities of the situation, which cannot alter the broad fact that the Allies occupy the whole of Macedonia and all Thrace beyond the Tchataldja lines, excepting only Adrianople. But one can understand that these events do affect the mood of the Turkish army, and the Turkish people in the capital. It must seem, as any hope of success dawns upon them, that all is not lost, and that perseverance in the end may recover something which misfortune lost. Meanwhile the fresh levies are arriving from Asia, and generals who have not known defeat hear in the clanking of their sabres during this time of truce the comfortable presage of victory. The Turks are playing for delay, not merely because it is their habit to delay, but because they wish to renew the war.

There is, we believe, only one opinion as to what the result of a renewal of the war must be. It is possible that the Bulgarians would fail to take the Tchataldja lines, and we hope that they would not make the attempt. They have no ambition to acquire that last corner of European Turkey, and its temporary occupation, at a terrible cost in lives, would serve no conceivable end. The essential fact of the situation is that the Turks are quite unable to advance. Should they venture to quit the shelter of their trenches, they would find opposed to them a few miles away the victorious Bulgarian army, itself protected in its turn by temporary works which must be by now comparatively strong. It is unlikely that the Turks could gain even a momentary success against this line. It is quite certain that their deficiency in transport and their incapacity in all the modern science of war would make any further advance into the downs of Thrace, from which they have just been driven, an utterly hopeless undertaking. With another week or two of starvation, some resolute cannonading, and perhaps one more assault, it is fairly certain that Adrianople must fall. And with the fall of Adrianople, there would remain absolutely nothing for which the Turks could hope. The war would be morally ended, and nothing would remain of it, save the possibility of wanton slaughter.

In face of such a prospect as this, there emerges an opportunity and a duty for European diplomacy. The Conference of the Ambassadors has already placed to its credit a remarkable achievement. It has settled the thorny question of Albania in outline, and found a solution for the problem of the Albanian port. Nothing could well be more reasonable or more promising than the settlement, of which M. Poincaré has published the main outlines—Albanian autonomy under European control, subject to the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan, and a free neutral port for Serbia, with an international railway behind it. The way to end the war, and with

it the Eastern Question in Europe, is to decree a like settlement for Thrace. It is not at all obvious that any imperative national interest demands that the frontiers of Bulgaria should be advanced in Thrace much below Kirk Kilissé. A line drawn just south of that town and just north of Adrianople would include all the solidly Bulgarian population. Below that line, the population, sparse at best, is very mixed. Greeks predominate on the coasts of Marmora and the Black Sea, and inland the thinly-peopled downs are occupied here by Turks, there by Greeks, and in a few villages by Bulgarians. Such a region might be as suitably detached from the rest of the liberated Balkans as Albania itself. The formula of an autonomous Thrace, subject to European control under Turkish sovereignty, would remove the last motive for a renewal of the war. It would salve Turkish pride that the fall and cession of Adrianople should be avoided. Its forts might well be dismantled, if the mosque of Sultan Selim were left virgin and intact. By an intervention with this aim, the diplomacy which failed to prevent this war might recover something of its prestige by ending it. The alternative is full of perils. A renewal of the war would place a strain upon the neutrality of the Powers. It would tempt Roumania, which has with difficulty kept aloof. It would try the temper of all the armies in the field. Worst of all, it would be the signal for civil commotions in Constantinople, which might leave the Ottoman Empire without even the pretence of a responsible central government, and, by unleashing the passions of Asiatic fanaticism, compel the intervention of the Powers and open possibilities of rivalry and discord which at any sacrifice statesmanship would wish to close. If at Saturday's meeting the Turks, against all the probabilities, are prepared to assent to the cession of Adrianople, the war is ended and Europe need not act. But if by that day the Turks are still playing for delay, then, to our thinking, the moment for mediation has come. But it must be mediation in a peremptory tone, and mediation with a fleet behind it to impose a settlement.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE B.M.A.

THE British Medical Association has, with full pontifical authority, issued a manifesto commanding the profession not to join the panels under the National Insurance Act. It promises legal absolution to those who have already accepted service under the Act, and urges them, under threats of social ostracism and boycott, immediately to withdraw their names. Oddly enough, this has been followed by a rush to join the panels, and, as in the case of the Jackdaw of Rheims, nobody seems a penny the worse for the threats and maledictions of the Association. In Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool, Dundee, the whole of Staffordshire, and the mining areas, everything is going very well, and in London an ample panel is assured. The newly-formed National Insurance Practitioners' Association is rapidly becoming a powerful force, and its numbers increase day by day. It has issued several drastic criticisms of the action of the British Medical Association. The latter body, realising at the eleventh hour that a purely negative attitude could not possibly commend itself to the general public, has issued,

after no pretence of serious discussion, another version of its so-called Public Medical Service. This, in brief, is an attempt to reinstate the old club practice, which has been repeatedly condemned in no measured terms, and is in flat contradiction to one of the "cardinal points," namely, that "medical benefit should be controlled by local Insurance Committees and not by Friendly Societies."

This complete reversal of what has been the policy of the British Medical Association for years past, is an instance of the ignominious straits to which the profession has been led by a hostile wrecking section who openly boast that they wish to produce chaos. All the administrative powers of the Insurance Committee, apart from the payment of the doctors' fees, are cheerfully abandoned by these wreckers—housing reform, public health measures, State nursing, statistical reports, the establishment and equipment of scientific laboratories. All these they will abandon rather than see the profession put—as they think—under the control of the lay committee. As regards medical representation on this Committee, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has promised that the demand of the British Medical Association for a ten per cent. medical representation shall be granted. Thus the Association will swallow the camel of approved society control, but strain at the gnat of the Insurance Committee. The Government's answer to the arrogant assumption that it should hand the money to the approved societies in order to save the face of the British Medical Association was a prompt refusal.

As to the future, it is possible that in some districts there will be some confusion for a time. The Government will steadily continue its efforts to ensure the fulfilment of the terms of the Act. The struggle may be long or short, but it can have only one ending, which will prove to be the establishment in some few areas of a whole-time State Medical Service. One can hardly suppose that this is what the wreckers imagined would be the result of their tactics. The fact that fully one-fifth of the profession will be shelved and ruined by such a service is apparently a matter of small concern to these blindly hostile partisans, and, a few years hence, many a doctor will rue the day when he handed his private judgment into the keeping of those who at present control the British Medical Association.

What of the Association itself? A scathing denunciation of its present position has been issued by six of its most prominent officers, who have now definitely resigned their positions on the Council of the Association. They repudiate the pledge on the grounds that the conditions have completely changed. The Association can ill afford to lose these men, and its future is, indeed, uncertain. Cumbrous in its constitution, and badly led, it has fallen from its great position because it has allowed itself to be exploited for political purposes by a noisy section of the profession, instead of remaining an association for the encouragement of scientific medicine. The saner members of the profession will rally to the side of those who work the Act, and will see to it that in future no trail of political animosity shall be allowed to interfere with the calm development of measures for the benefit of the Public Health.

KILLING FOR MEAT.

CHRISTMAS is the Englishman's real carnival—his feast of flesh. We have no statistics, but the extra amount of meat consumed in the country during this week must be enormous. One has only to look at the butchers' shops, to say nothing of the poulterers'. The rows of great carcasses hanging where one or two hung before fill some with genial enthusiasm, others with disgust; but in either case one must marvel at the extraordinary capacity of the human constitution for enlarging its average meals in civilised as in savage countries. And then comes the thought that all those hundreds of thousands of carcasses were alive a few days ago, and have been put to death for our pleasure, because at this season we celebrate the birth of Christ in a cattle-shed among sheep and oxen.

By what means were they put to death? That is the question which Mr. John Galsworthy has raised again in a series of articles in the "Daily Mail." It is no new question. The whole subject of the slaughtering of animals for food was carefully investigated by a Committee in 1904. Their report contained valuable and sufficient recommendations, on the basis of which the Local Government Board framed certain excellent rules. But animals have no votes. No party took the time or trouble to legislate in their behalf. The rules were never made obligatory, and the recommendations of a skilled and hard-working commission went the way of all recommendations that are not supported by the pressure of voters upon the political machines. There is nothing new in Mr. Galsworthy's protest and demand. Besides the Commission, Mr. Christopher Cash's pamphlet, for instance, upon "The Humane Slaughtering of Animals for Food," has for some years past been within reach of anyone who applied for it to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and we do not doubt the Humanitarian League has other documents as well. There is no excuse for ignorance of facts. And yet, owing to indifference, the carelessness of habit, the supposed interests of an enormous trade, and a squeamish sensitiveness that refuses to face reality, nothing is done.

Mr. Galsworthy writes with careful moderation. We suppose that if each of us had to do his or her own slaughtering for the meat we daily consume, the number of vegetarians would be largely increased. It is difficult to remain carnivorous after even reading such an account as Tolstoy wrote of the slaughter of cattle in Moscow, or such as Mr. Hardy wrote of the pig-killing in "Jude the Obscure." Yet the reality surpasses anything that even Tolstoy or Mr. Hardy could describe, and there must be many healthy meat-eaters now who would rather eat vegetables all their life, or even die of hunger, than kill a sheep, a pig, or an ox with their own hands in order to eat it. They eat now in ignorance, or in deliberate thoughtlessness, because they do not care to think. But Mr. Galsworthy says he is not a vegetarian himself, and he does not urge to vegetarianism. He only protests against a continuous and daily cruelty which is easily and cheaply preventable, and we wish that all who are driven to run off into the by-way of vegetarianism would simply support his moderate proposals. He shows that both public opinion and legislation have successfully checked cruelty to such animals as horses, dogs,

and cats. Anyone who deliberately inflicts severe pain on such creatures has the feeling of all ordinary men and women against him, and can be punished by law. But in the case of sheep, pigs, and beasts (towards which also nearly all of us have quite a friendly feeling) no qualm is felt and no protest made, either by general abhorrence or by legal penalty, when death is inflicted under conditions of extreme cruelty.

We believe the general apathy comes partly from careless ignorance and want of imagination, but chiefly from the unwillingness to face an abhorrent subject which might make us uncomfortable, especially at meal times. If we once realised the truth, the great majority of us would be compelled either to insist upon reform or to give up meat altogether; and that would be worse for the meat trade than the very small extra expense which reform demands. Mr. Galsworthy tells us that in England and Wales alone (Scotland in slaughtering, as in most matters, has better laws than ours, and is left out of count)—in England and Wales alone nearly two million beasts are killed yearly, eight and a half million sheep, and over three million pigs. Nearly all these 13,000,000 living and helpless creatures are killed with great pain and misery. "Beasts," it is true, are usually stunned, but the blow is given with the uncertain pole-axe, and often by uncertain hands. To take the sheep alone, Mr. Galsworthy shows that 33,000 hours of death agony are suffered by them in a year, and if they were first properly stunned, all this hideous suffering might be avoided. The slaughter of the 3,200,000 pigs involves still greater pain to each.

Unless action can follow, it is often useless to rouse indignation and harrow people's feelings. But here the line of action is straight and easy. Mr. Galsworthy's "irreducible minimum of reform" runs in brief: (1) No animal shall be bled without being first stunned; (2) No stunning or slaughtering implement shall be used that has not been approved by the Local Government Board; (3) No animal shall be slaughtered in sight of another animal; (4) No slaughter-refuse and blood shall be allowed within sight of another animal awaiting slaughter. The other clauses deal with the necessary licensing and the penalties for breach of these regulations. Such demands are, as Mr. Galsworthy says, a minimum, but they would be sufficient to abolish all the worst causes of cruelty that now exist. They are simple, cheap, and easily administered. On the side of the butchers, we are convinced that only the deadening power of use and wont would oppose them, and we fear that the main obstacle to reform hitherto has been the indifference of politicians to wrongs suffered by beings without votes, and to reforms that bring no party advantage.

THE CHAPTER AND THE CREED.

THAT the decision of the Dean and Chapter to discontinue the use of the Athanasian Creed—altered last week into a modification of the use of that symbol—in Hereford Cathedral should give rise to controversy was to be expected; and that this controversy should be acrimonious is, unhappily, in the nature of things. More

than any secular interest, religion, or what is taken for religion, obscures men's understanding, and inflames their passions; the rancors of politicians pale before those of divines.

With regard to the Creed itself, it may safely be said that in no Christian community but the Church of England could the propriety of its congregational use be discussed seriously. Men no longer think in its categories, or express themselves in its terminology: its content has become unintelligible; its damnatory clauses breathe another spirit than that of Christ. The Church of Rome relegates it to the Breviary offices, recited privately and in Latin by the clergy; it is unknown, even by name, to the Catholic laity, who would be no less astonished by its public recitation than by that of the more authentic and authoritative confession of faith, the Anti-Modernist Oath. Its authority, indeed, is as small as its origin is uncertain. From the first its position in the English Prayer-Book has been a rock of offence. Jeremy Taylor was a High Churchman, but, "if it were considered," he says, "concerning Athanasius's Creed how many people understand it not, how contrary to natural reason it seems, how little the Scripture says of these curiosities of explication, and how tradition was not clear on his side—considering all this, it had not been amiss if the final judgment had been left to Jesus Christ." And Bishop Thirlwall, than whom it would be difficult to produce a weightier or a more competent judge, wrote:—"My firm belief is that the more light is thrown on the origin and contents of the Athanasian Creed, the fewer will be found to be its claims to that place which it now holds in the public services of the Church. And to this I must add my conviction that, whenever the laity come to have a voice in this matter, the use of this Creed will become more and more rare; and my hearty hope and wish is that this may soon be the case."

Though the movement in favor of greater freedom is, as might be expected, promoted by Liberal Churchmen, nothing could be further from the truth than to associate it with what are called "advanced" views. In 1870 Archbishop Tait's advice was that the Creed "should not retain its place in the Church Service"; and he spoke of the amendment of the rubric enjoining it as a matter "on which there seems to be an almost universal consent in the Church." The Episcopal bench of to-day is more open to pressure from the so-called Church Party than in the time of Tait and Thirlwall. But in 1905 the Upper House of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury approved of a resolution allowing a discretionary use in the matter; and, when this was, characteristically, thrown out by the Lower House, no fewer than eighteen deans expressed their satisfaction with the effort made by the bishops to relieve the conscience of Churchmen by the removal of a stumbling-block which has probably done more to alienate educated men from the Church than any other cause, and which was described by a leading layman of his generation as "the barbarous production of a barbarous age."

Even on its own purely technical ground, the argument from the rubric will not support the contention of the sticklers for the Creed. *Communes opiniones*

nascuntur et moriuntur is a maxim of the canonists. It is as true of rubrics as of canon law. Times change and circumstances alter; there are rubrics which are disregarded by men of all parties, the observance of which, whatever may have been the case in the sixteenth century, would be undesirable and impracticable to-day. Among them, that enjoining the public use of the Athanasian Creed was soon reckoned. Tillotson wished "we were well rid of it"; the attempt to enforce it generally is a revival almost of our own time. The "Life of Archbishop Tait," by the present Archbishop of Canterbury and the late Canon Benham, is conclusive on this point. In the eighteenth century the disuse of the creed was "frequent, or even general. In the early years of the nineteenth more than half the parishes in England, it is said, were unaccustomed to it. In this, as in other directions, the 'Oxford Movement' wrought a sudden change." This admission from so authoritative a quarter throws a sinister light on the appeal to the Prayer-Book—an appeal which comes ill from men who openly flout the Articles, and such grave doctrinal instructions as the "Black" Rubric, or that which prohibits Reservation. The advocates are suspect; the motive is obvious; the pretext thin. The agitation, backed by open threats of secession, which has been carried on for the last forty years in favor of this obsolete and mischievous usage, is part and parcel of an attempt to stereotype and clericalise English religion, to cut off the National Church from the life of the nation, and from the fellowship of the Protestant Churches, to fall back from the spacious and ever-widening horizons of the Reformation upon the narrow mental and moral outlook of a medieval sect.

The present Hereford troubles are the latest stage of the systematic opposition which Bishop Percival has had to encounter since his refusal to identify himself, first, with the exclusion of Nonconformists from communion, and, later, with the opposition to Welsh Disestablishment. The latter offence was the more rank. "Who steals my purse steals trash" is not a maxim that commends itself to Churchmen; and, though the Bishop is no more answerable for the Cathedral services than is, say, the President of the English Church Union, the attack on the Chapter is avowedly aimed at him. He and they alike stand for a larger cause than the use or disuse of a particular formula: what is at issue is the historical liberties of English Churchmen and of the English Church. A deliberate and persistent attempt is being made to undermine these liberties; and what a recent historian characterises as "the more than Gallio-like caution of the bishops" assures the aggressors of neutrality, benevolent or otherwise, on their part. A more resolute course is called for. No one wishes to restrain the even daily recitation of the Athanasian Creed in High Anglican churches; it is by education, not by repression, that extravagances, whether of doctrine or practice, are best met. But to enforce it on a reluctant clergy and on protesting worshippers is a thing not to be tolerated. In resisting the swashbucklers of orthodoxy, the Hereford Chapter is defending the best interests of religion, of the nation, and of the Church.

Life and Letters.

"VITAL LIES."

EVERYONE knows that an essential part of "a good bedside manner" in a doctor is his ability to "jolly" his patients. It often works wonders. Intelligent parents and teachers often practise the same art in the training of children, pretending they are really better-hearted or more responsible than they appear to be. They call it "appealing to their better nature," and they say it "works." Humane penologists claim that criminals can be improved by this same process of moral "jollyng." But the limitations of this strictly educative process are very evident. It cannot "educate" something that is not there, or make a really feeble motive dominant. To systematise and semi-rationalise the practice, in order to secure for it the spiritual status of a religion or the intellectual authority of a scientific theory, as do the Christian Scientists and Higher Thinkers, makes it dangerous. For it is evident that the efficacy of the "jollyng" process depends upon the relations between the "thought" or "faith" that is evoked, and the "facts" of the situation it is called upon to tackle. When any school of theorists proceeds either to "deny" the "facts," or to assert an absolute power in the mind of man to control or manipulate "facts," it squanders by its recklessness a really sound and serviceable moral regimen.

The modern science of psychology has, perhaps unwittingly, contributed not a little to this danger. First, by the stress it has laid upon the selection, modification, and organisation of phenomena by man's mind, it has over-emphasised the part man plays as maker of his universe. Secondly, by tracing the selective and moulding processes of the human mind to the roots of personal needs and desires, it has tended to weaken the authority of reason as the interpreter of reality and the legitimate guide of belief and conduct.

Hence the rapid improvisation of the "philosophy" of Pragmatism by quick-witted rebels against the dull, cold rule of academic intellectualism, with its central doctrine that out of an absolutely plastic stuff of "reality" a man makes truths in order to help him to get what he wants out of life. A truth is an opinion or a belief that "works." "You can say of it (an opinion) either that it is useful because it is true, or it is true because it is useful. Both these phrases mean the same." So affirmed the late Professor James in his formal exposition of the doctrine. Now the fact that a long and subtle controversy still rages round this thesis in learned circles shows that some formal defence of so extreme a defiance of reason and morals is possible. There is a sense in which utility may be regarded as the criterion of truth, and there are some sorts of opinions whose "truth" evidently consists in their "utility" in doing the work they are designed to do. The laws and hypotheses of science are of this order: their "truth" is attested by, and consists in, their utility as intellectual instruments for the rational interpretation of the world and for the guidance of human life in conformity therewith. Such judgments and opinions about facts are "true" in proportion as they "work." If the "practical" test upon which Pragmatism insists is taken to cover all desires of man, including the desire to understand the world for all the purposes to which such understanding can be applied, the test can be accepted. Sometimes it is stated so as to fulfil these conditions. So Professor James writes: "'The true,' to put it very briefly, is only the expedient in the way of our thinking, just as 'the right' is only the expedient in the way of our behaving. Expedient in almost any fashion; and expedient in the long run and on the whole, of course; for what meets expediently all the experience in sight won't necessarily meet all farther experiences equally satisfactorily." Unfortunately, Pragmatists, in practice, and often in the exposition of their theory, lose sight of "the long run" and "the whole," and allow short runs and partial utilities to put the stamp of "truth" and the authority of "belief" upon the improvisations of some current craving or convenience.

The subtle perils of this debasement of the intellectual and the moral currency have never been exposed with so much skill and penetration as in the two volumes by "Vernon Lee," just published under the title "Vital Lies" (The Bodley Head). The title strikes at the very core of the corruption. It comes from Ibsen's "The Wild Duck"—

"RELLING: I'm fostering the vital lie in him!

"GRIGGERS: Vital lie? Is that what you said?

"RELLING: Yes—I said vital lie—for illusion, you know, is the stimulating principle."

It needs a deep conviction of the importance of the issue at stake to justify the intricate ordeal to which this brilliant woman subjects what she entitles "the new obscurantism"—the cluster of poisonous growths from the single stem of this doctrine of the utility of fostering illusions for the comfort or "good" that can be got out of them. We fear that the very fineness of the dissection she employs will prove a deterrent to many, though it should have an interest of its own to students of the higher art of controversy. To the writer herself the subject is evidently one of great fascination, and the same zest of the intellectual chase seizes the reader when he is once hot on the quarry. James, Tyrrell, Crawley, Sorel, the great Bergson himself, are in her track. She sets them on the run like five blind mice; pounces on them, turns them on their backs, pats them, plays with them, and lets them start again on their bewildered course, only to pounce once more and trap them long before they get to cover. The disparagement of reason as a mode of apprehending "reality," and the elevation of intuition and "mystical states" as "windows through which the mind looks out on a more extensive and inclusive world," which are the foundations of James's philosophic creed, she submits to a scorching fire of criticism.

Instead of being "ontological messages," these mystical states, with their sub-conscious operations, can only give information of the narrowest order of reality, viz., the shifting phenomena of a single passing phase of an individual mind. The assumption that knowledge of reality can be got by these inner workings, superior in any sense to that got by the sifting and testing processes which reason applies to manifold experience, rests on an obvious *petitio principii*. Intuition attests its own validity!

But this false epistemology is after all of secondary interest as compared with the illicit claims these obscurantists make for will and desire as guides of life. Starting from the premiss that any opinion that "works" is true, James easily reached the view that we are entitled to "will to believe" any doctrine which seems indispensable to our emotional needs, or which otherwise appears to yield "fruits for life."

History shows us everywhere how large an admixture of personal cravings and needs actually enters into and moulds the beliefs of men. Anthropologists, like Mr. Crawley, trace thus the emotional and narrowly utilitarian origins of fetishism and all sorts of barbarian magic. Scientific theologians, like Father Tyrrell, recognise how the pre-logical mentality of man weaves for his current satisfaction all kinds of preposterous superstitions. But, curiously enough, instead of distrusting and renouncing the imaginative process by which hopes and consolations furnish the "belief" afterwards recognised as baseless, both Father Tyrrell and Mr. Crawley appear to uphold the quite contrary contention that a "spiritual need" warrants whatever belief it requires to give satisfaction. Indeed, in the case of Mr. Crawley, we soon see the consequence of embarking on this compass-less voyage. When the educated classes no longer believe, they may still support the popular superstitions which they have personally discarded as useful governmental measures! Religion is a serviceable social sedative. "For," writes Mr. Crawley, "a broad survey of human history and an insight into human possibilities might enable us to maintain . . . that such a use of such a means of control is entirely right and furthers the best interests of the race. For the weaker and less successful members of any community are apt to attribute their grievances to the present social

system, whereas they are due to the laws of evolution and the inevitable working of natural selection."

But apparently "the laws of evolution" cannot be trusted to evolve a safe society without hocusing the people with illusions! Those who, like Father Tyrrell, are not sufficiently hardened to uphold the doctrine of maintaining religious beliefs which they know to be false for simple purposes of social police, find refuge in Symbolism, of the nature of which "Vernon Lee" writes with delicate appreciation. "The value of symbolism is, indeed, one of the oldest discoveries of theological thought, for symbols are the natural result of dogmatism whenever one of its assertions can no longer be easily maintained, and yet, owing to the necessary solidarity of dogmatic teaching, cannot be rejected or abandoned. The historical account of the stopping of the sun, or of the creation of the world, once caught in the clutches of scientific discussion, disembodied itself into symbol, and vanished, so to speak, into a fourth dimension of thought; the dimension where, as we know, ghosts find a convenient retreat. It is in this way that Modernism has had to make use of symbolism."

But the most audacious instance of "the dynamo-genetic property of ideas and of names given to ideas" is to be found in Sorel's use of the "myth" of a General Strike. The theorist of Syndicalism carries the principle of the stimulative value of the "vital lie" to the extent of insisting that its utility depends upon its illusiveness. James would have said: "If you wish to believe in a General Strike, you not only make the belief true, but you tend to realise the strike." But this, according to Sorel, would destroy the whole virtue of the believing process. A myth is framed in a manner to render its fulfilment impracticable; it is intended to have a wholly emotional effect. The object of putting forward the idea of a General Strike is to arouse the requisite enthusiasm and spirit of violence in the workers. This spirit will gain the victory without recourse to a General Strike, which in the form most suitable for "stimulative" work is not suitable for action. "In other words," sums up Signor Prezolini, "once the working classes are able to carry through their General Strike, they will no longer require to have it; but they must go on attempting their General Strike. . . well, as long as a General Strike is impossible to carry through."

"Vernon Lee" nails to the counter these "vital lies" by pointing out that, if writers like Tyrrell or Sorel really believed in the utility of these popular illusions, they ought to suppress their books of scepticism, for the stimulative value of an illusion evidently depends upon the conviction of its truth. That Pragmatism is accompanied by so pronounced a revival of the degrading doctrine of a deliberate fostering of popular illusions for the "comforts" or the supposed "fruits for life" which they contain is surely a sufficient condemnation of the gospel of irrationalism.

Vital lies have doubtless been useful and may still be useful, but only when they are honestly accepted as vital truths, and only upon condition that they contain at least some fraction of truth, that is of conformity to facts which are not of my making or your making but which impose themselves permanently or durably upon the minds of all men. In the last section of her remarkable book, "Vernon Lee" pleads with profound wisdom and eloquence the claims of reason as test of truth and as authority for conduct. Though personal desires, needs, interests, do in fact continually influence our "beliefs," not merely on religious but on mundane matters, it is well to realise that, just in proportion as they do, are such "beliefs" liable to error. Reason has been evolved chiefly for the purpose of rescuing beliefs from these falsifying influences. "Truth is what does not care what you think of it."

PLEASURE AS AN OCCUPATION.

It has always been more or less recognised that, practised on a grand scale and in resplendent surroundings, the selfishness that brings a man opprobrium and unpopularity in other circumstances is not merely to

be condoned but positively to be admired. Common phrases such as "drunk as a lord," or "spending one's money like a gentleman," show how old and well-established is the habit of regarding magnificent dissipation as appropriate to certain conditions of life. The first of these sayings was already a proverb when Evelyn wrote his "Character of England." There is no satire or venom in the phrase. It is a tribute of esteem. There is a note of affection about it, as if the inferior classes felt that the vices that were open and apparent were the vices that would do the least mischief in their rulers, that if you were not a Charles Surface, you would be his brother, and that the alternative to Tom Jones's wildness was the detestable hypocrisy of Bliffl. Cobbett complained, indeed, that novelists and poets and playwrights, by associating a generous character with dissolute and spendthrift conduct, had conspired to teach the young to despise all the virtues without the practice of which they would become a curse to their parents and a burden to the community, though, if we remember rightly, he was not any better pleased with the flood of improving literature by which Hannah More and her friends tried to recommend to the poor the practice of those slighted virtues. But the phrases, "drunk as a lord," and "spending one's money like a gentleman," are, perhaps, a little more subtle than they seem. Do they not imply that to be drunk and to spend one's money were the prerogatives of lords and gentlemen? At any rate, the laborer who appeared before the authorities resembling a lord in one particular and a gentleman in another, found the magistrates and the guardians of the poor a little wanting in sympathy and good humor. Only the class that could afford the generous virtues could aspire to the generous vices, as Adam Smith discovered, and for the people of mean condition to run through their money on a resounding debauch was to affect or usurp a splendor that did not belong to them. Flattery was not meant to be quite so sincere as this.

It followed, then, that these vices received a kind of aristocratic or royal glamor. Wilberforce himself could enjoy the society of the Prince Regent. But that, though it would go far to explain the tolerance of such manner of life at the time of Cobbett's complaint, is not, perhaps, the complete explanation of the leniency with which the self-indulgence of the upper classes was regarded. There was a feeling that, after all, somebody should be finding pleasure out of life, and if the rich were not enjoying it, who was? "Since God has given us the Papacy, let us enjoy it," said one of the simple and straight-forward men who reached that exalted position in its more spacious days. That was how other classes felt about the fortunate. They liked to think they were having a good time. Most people go through life, not seeing happiness themselves, but trying to be persuaded that others have found it. It is a relief to the financier to believe that the artist, struggling with his difficulties, has found a peace and contentment inaccessible to himself, while the disconsolate man of letters is only supported by the secret conviction that the merchant, or even the lawyer, lives in a remote world of entertaining and romantic dreams. This illusion of humanity's conquests and discoveries, so grateful to a race of which each member knows himself beaten, was encouraged in a crude and unsophisticated form by the spectacle of aristocratic pleasure on a splendid scale.

It is not surprising that Mr. Ralph Nevill should give up a good part of his amusing volume of reflections and anecdotes on the elaborate organisation of pleasure ("The Man of Pleasure," Chatto & Windus) to the great examples taken from the eighteenth-century régime. The system and structure of that society were arranged to make him as comfortable a home as could be found. Sometimes, of course, he came to grief. There was the Duke of Buckingham, who died in a Yorkshire inn in want and disgrace in 1687, remembered by Pope's lines:—

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,

With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw.
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red;
Great Villiers lies.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store,
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more,
There, victor of his wealth, of fortune, friends
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends."

This was a catastrophic collapse. Most of the men who succumbed retired, like Beau Brummell, to Calais or Caen, nursing in the twilight the memories of their triumphs, and preserving the ridiculous airs and graces that had captivated London. But any ordinary member of the world of pleasure could go to great lengths without risk of discomfiture. He had, as a rule, the future to draw upon. He found to his hand a great system of credit based on expectations and post obits, and every kind of tradesman ready to minister to his pleasure and to wait with patience for the day of generous payment. There are noble houses that are still feeling the pinch of the mortgages that scarcely cost an eighteenth-century macaroni a passing thought. His amusements and his social life were organised in exclusive and magnificent clubs. Instead of giving his name to a company in the city, he perhaps ran a faro bank, often a profitable, and always an exciting, occupation. Meanwhile, his countrymen gave him not only credit but income, for the system of sinecures made provision for the man of pleasure, and it was understood that the aristocrat who was obliging enough to rule this country should accommodate at least one of his younger sons out of the taxes. And the charmed world, though very exclusive, was not confined to the families of high birth and of great wealth. Others could edge into it, making their way by their wit, or their good looks, or their beautiful manners, all contributing to the general sense that life was somehow a tremendous success. It was true, in some degree, of this kind of society that there was a career open to the talents. Creevey could talk himself from one country house to another; and Hare was the friend of Fox. It opened its doors, but cautiously and not too wide, for it was not a society that could bear the shock of the open-air. Readers of Miss Edgeworth's "The Absentee" will remember that her novel was meant to be a play, and that Sheridan warned her that the Censor would not allow the gay world to be confronted with so poignant a picture of the lot of its victims.

One of Mr. Nevill's many lively stories relates to the Duke of Rutland, Pitt's Viceroy in Ireland—and in many ways not a bad one—at the time of the Irish Commercial Propositions. Rutland died of fever at Phoenix Lodge, when only thirty-three, in 1787. His convivial and hospitable habits were supposed to have contributed to his early death. Mr. Nevill's story tells how, with some of his friends, he spent a night at an inn in Dublin kept by a well-known character, Darby Monaghan. The whole party were put into high spirits by Darby's wit and his whisky punch, and at two o'clock in the morning the Viceroy, who was by this time ready for any frolic, made his jolly host kneel down, and knighted him. Next morning when he learnt what he had done, he was in a dreadful way. He hoped that Sir Darby had been too drunk to remember what happened; but no such good fortune. However, the new knight was ready to come to terms, and after refusing an appointment as tide waiter in exchange for his title, he agreed to take a place worth £250 a year out of the taxes. He cannot be said to have earned his appointment by any distinguished public service, but at least he was probably a good deal less disreputable than the great majority of the men and women who were quartered by English politicians on the revenues of Ireland. For the Irish Sinecure and Pension Lists were the readiest expedients for providing for the pleasure of the English rich in cases that were too scandalous for the publicity of the English Parliament. They were on a generous scale, and Swift well compared Ireland with a hospital where all the household officers grow rich, and the poor, for whom it was built, are starving. It would have been easier to defend Darby Monaghan's appointment than to explain to the Irish

peasants why they were paying £800 a year to a bastard son of Charles the Second, and £5,000 a year to James the Second's mistress, and £3,000 a year to one of the less beautiful of the ladies who graced the Court of George the Second in that capacity.

CRIES OF LONDON.

THERE is a delightful rhymers called "H. G." who every Sunday morning tempers the stormy blast of the "Observer" to its shivering readers, and speaks of hope like a gleam of sunshine in a lurid sky. Not for him the clash of embattled Tariffs, the awesome spectre of sea-serpents that, crested with Dreadnoughts, wallow across the German Ocean, or the civil bloodshed of Ulster's timbered artillery. Safe on the edge of tempestuous columns, he mitigates tornadoes with a little laugh, and reveals the light of sanity still shining. But lately we heard in his cheerful verse a note of regret—that regret for buried time which is so natural and so useless. He was lamenting the extinction of the old cries of London, and the silence or deplorable change which has succeeded them. "No 'Milk below' maid," he sang:—

"No 'Milk below' maid now awakes
The city with her plaintive pipe;
No tuneful pedlar hawks 'Hot cakes';
No wench at dawn the silence breaks
With strains of 'Cherry Ripe'!
No cries of 'Mack'rel!' subtly blend
With 'Knives to grind!' or 'Chairs to mend!'"

It is sad, no doubt; there is sadness in the contemplation of all things temporal, from the Roman Forum to the milkmaid. Personally, we do not find the complaint quite justified. Still every dewy morn and eve the senses are awakened, not by a plaintive pipe, but by a Tyrolean war-whoop, which is not to be interpreted in words, but undoubtedly implies that milk is below and we had better bring a jug to fetch it. Still the boy bearing on his head a trayful of cakes called "Sudden Death," tolls his lugubrious bell, like him who cried in the Plague "Bring out your dead!" Mackerel may have flapped to the fish-shops for their native ice, but still down the street the knife-grinder sets all other grinders on edge; as we write, a voice of inconsolable grief inquires "Any chairs to mend or bawskets?" as it has inquired for years; and, like the raven that was prophet still if bird or devil, another voice, with croaking persistency, ejaculates "Close props!"

The poet says the old cries are dead; the streets are silent (Oh, if that were but true!), or that hideous and degenerate outcries have taken the place of ancient beauty:—

"And yet our nerves are sorely tried—
Since Nature's lute has many a rift—
By 'cries' which tube and 'bus provide:
'Fares please!' 'Old tight, miss!' 'Full inside!'
'No smoking in the lift!'
And oh! the gulf that separates
'Sweet lavender!' from 'Mind the gates!'"

Somewhere we have seen a series of eighteenth-century prints called "London Cries," all set in oval frames. Very pretty they were, and about as much like London as ancient Athens or the heavenly Jerusalem. We remember the one labelled "Sweet Lavender." It showed a classic nymph in flowing raiment, provocingly décolletée. Basket on arm, she tripped along, blithe and debonair, and about as much like a London flower-seller as the goddess in heaven yclept Euphrosyne. We suspect that "H. G.," having the artist's lie in the soul, has in the same way idealised the beauty of her cry. Looking backward to no very distant time, we recall the reality of the thing to mind—the exuberant figure, buxom but not blithe, the huge red face, the bundled clothing that one felt was never taken off till it dropped, the split boots showing bits of toes and variegated stocking, the hoarse and beery voice, and between the lamentable outcries a groaning whisper, "Oh, my poor chest!"

People have a pleasing way of imagining the past as picturesque, just as they always think their childhood happy, and in calling up a vanished age all men are

artists. The picturesqueness that we cannot see around us, our grandchildren will create, and our ghosts survive in beauties not our own. Take things at their worst; take the modern cries which "H. G." thinks are separated by so cruel a gulf from "Sweet Lavender." Take "Fares, please!" Our grandchildren will sigh for the good old times when polite and genial men collected the coppers instead of an inhuman machine which will not let you get out until you have dropped a penny in the slot. Or take "Old tight, miss!" How fondly they will look back to the days of chivalry, when even conductors displayed a protective care for "females," and warned them to cling on like monkeys before the old-fashioned motor began to bound. Or "Full inside!"—who would miss the belly-pinched beggar's invariable observation that he wished he was like that 'bus? Or "No smoking in the lift!" How polite they were in those ages! How different from the men and women who puff their cigars in your face like unswept chimneys now! Or "Mind the gates!" What a lot of broken arms and amputated hands it must have saved when liftmen took the trouble to warn you! Certainly, the world went much better in the early twentieth century than at its end; it was so picturesque, so considerate, leisurely, and beautiful altogether. Thus, without any question, our grandchildren will be talking soon, and it is our misfortune that men are always blind to the beauty of their age. Sometimes we catch a glimpse of it. "Mind the step!" said Mrs. Patrick Campbell when, as Clytemnestra, she was conducting the King of Men to his death within the palace in some recent version of the "Agamemnon," and whenever we emerge from the tube to the sound of that homely cry, we recall the grandeur of the stupendous scene. And as to chivalry, when a woman getting out of a motor-'bus at the corner of Chancery Lane the other day apologised for treading on the conductor's foot, he replied, "Yer may tread on my fies, if yer like, lidy!" What troubadour—what Raleigh or Philip Sidney—could have said more?

But if "H. G." wants the cries of London and thinks a melancholy silence has settled on us all, let him come down a merry street that runs sideways out of the main road somewhere between Limehouse Basin and East India Dock. There it is Christmas all the year round, but when real Christmas comes, the crinkled paper does give just the extra dash of splendor. Blue, yellow, scarlet, green, and white the crinkled paper hangs in long festoons—the poor man's holly, and just as good. Down both gutters stand the booths and stalls; on both sides the shops are flung wide open as a generous heart. Lights blaze, the naphtha lampions flare and smoke, the glare illumines heaven like a cheerful dawn. "Buy, buy, buy!" shout the butchers, whetting their long knives in front of their ruddy stalls. "Buy, buy, buy! Who'll buy, who'll buy, who'll buy?" The words come quick as bullets from a machine-gun when the handle turns in panic. No cries, indeed! They are intoxicating, hypnotic, and crowds struggle for flesh like African hordes when a cow dies. Let not the mild-eyed vegetarian venture nigh, lest he too turn carnivorous as the lion.

"Buy, buy, buy!" Close beside are the accessories to that feast's primeval savagery. On a humble table a man and woman are grating horse-radish with an enormous rasp—real yellow roots of horse-radish, shapes unknown to the idle rich. And there is celery at twopence a head—two heads for twopence if you wait! And beetroot, ready boiled, smoking hot from the cauldron. Why is beetroot sold smoking hot? Never mind for why. "Buy, buy, buy!" Here are piles on piles of rabbits, fresh from heaven knows where! The marvels of their interior organisation are fully exposed—heart, lungs, liver, and all. You have seen many a conjuring trick done with a rabbit, but never was such a conjuring trick as the rabbit himself. "Who could do without one?" cries the proud owner of their corpses. Certainly, it is hard to do without a rabbit just made ready for the boiling. So "Buy, buy, buy!" and the onions are hanging in strings from the very next stall; and below the onions the potatoes and carrots lie in heaps. Another step takes you where, as in a vineyard, the

bunches of grapes droop clustering, and oranges and apples are piled as on the altar of Plenty in a southern land.

"Condescend to cast your eye upon our butter!" was the cry next door, and what more insinuating cry could "H. G." want? "All our own make!" "We give away one quarter pound to every half!" "One quarter pound to every half we give away!" shouted the seller with the iteration of a "booky" on Epsom Downs. "Condescend to cast your eye upon our butter!" he chants again, and points to their own make, accidentally packed in Danish boxes. You pass through tabernacles of boots—boots hanging from temporary ceilings built over the pavement, boots on wooden walls along the street, boots for all ages of mankind. Boots are the plague of the poor—always wearing out, bursting, splitting, shrinking, getting too small for the children's feet; and even if you put the boys in father's old boots, and the girls in mother's, they somehow look queer at school. But here are ramparts of boots, palaces of them. "If you've not seen our boots, you're in a mist," cries the King of the Palace; "Our boots from nine and a half to five eleven! Pick where you like! and if you don't hold with them after three months, we're not responsible!" There is something secure, something legal, something like a police-court, about that cry, and the boots go off like the meat their leather once protected.

"Here's a trick, ladies and gentlemen, will baffle any eye a-standin' round! Here's a trick, ladies and gentlemen, as the great Gammage hisself hasn't got one better! One penny, and instructions to wrap it up in! All I ask is don't give it away afore you're in the next street! One penny!" That is a trick for taking a ring off a roll of copper wire. "Why don't you step in?" cries the man at the Cinema show that we proudly call a Palaseum; "Why don't you step in, ladies? For all you know *he* may be settin' inside!" That is alluring, but so is the doll stall in front. "Speakin' as a man to gentlemen," shouts the merchant of dolls, holding up a naked little figure with towzled hair; "Speakin' as a man to gentlemen, I ask you, Did you ever see a better two-and-a-half than that? Two pence and one-half that model of a fairy is, ladies! No, my dear," he adds to a wistful woman with a baby; "that's not class enough for the likes of you. Now here's one I'll do for sixpence. Just you feel the body she's got on her! That'll last you!" He whispers the concluding words, having an eye on the future, like Mrs. Gamp.

So it goes on. The naphtha flares, the bright stalls blaze with glorious colors, the salesmen shout, the happy people pass and stare and buy. The women are not classic nymphs, and the cries are not "Sweet Lavender!" But how charming it will all appear two generations hence, and "H. G." or anyone else may see it now by taking a penny tram just east of Aldgate Pump, and then he'll hear London's perpetual cry of "Buy, buy, buy! Who'll buy? Who'll buy?"

HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

At the truce of Christmas the two most dissimilar trees of the countryside fraternise side by side in the position of supreme honor. The holly is an upright and sturdy tree guarding its handsome crimson berries with polished and spiky leaves of an unusual depth of green; the mistletoe, a pallid parasite, whose berries are white bladders filled with slimy stickiness. The holly is scarcely called upon to defend its place as prince of Christmas evergreens. Says the old, old song:—

"Oh the holly with her drops of blood for me;
For that is our sweet Aunt Mary's tree."

"Aunt Mary" being of old a perfectly reverent name for the Mother of Christ. But an Advocatus Diaboli might with some reason raise the question why we should put in a place of honor side by side with the honest holly the "baleful mistletoe," a shrub having no definite place among the flowers of the field or the trees, planted shamefully, as the German word tells us, and living

parasitically on the apple tree, as well as the poplar, the lime, the hawthorn, and other trees, including sometimes the holly itself.

Is it a credit to the mistletoe that it keeps awake, and waves its greenery among the sleeping and leafless boughs of its host, a sort of Harold Skimpole keeping alive the virtue of personal cheerfulness, though he lives on the bounty of a bankrupt hiding from his creditors? "What?" says the mistletoe to the apple, "Going to sleep? Can't afford to keep leaves on through the winter? Faint heart! Look at me! With my toes safely tucked through your bark and into your sap, I can laugh at the frost giants, keep my fruit on my boughs, and cheer gods and men through their hour of darkness." And as man admires cheerfulness of any kind in the middle of winter, he takes this evergreen from its strangle-hold on his best apple tree, and hangs it to the beam as an honored guest. So did Hiawatha catch Kaggahgee, the King of Ravens, marauding in his corn-field, and keep him alive as a pet in his wigwam.

It was its very forlornness in botany that brought mistletoe to its high place in the mythology of Norway, where Christmas was invented, and thence into our own solstitial festivities. When everything of fire, earth, air and water had sworn not to injure Balder, the mistletoe growing on the eastern side of Valhal was overlooked and unsworn. It is not of earth, though it is a plant, because it does not root in the soil; it is not of air, because it cannot grow without support. A flimsy escape from the fourfold and otherwise all-embracing category, but just the sort of one that pleases in a fairy story. It was a splendid sight to see the gods rejoicing in their faith by throwing at Balder every conceivable weapon, the bright, beloved sun-god laughing with them as one after the other fell harmless from his immortal body. Of course, winter was coming on. There would be a sort of darkness before the next glorious spring, but at any rate Balder would always be there. We should not have that horrible Fimbul-winter that gloomy people had prophesied, a winter running into years, with Balder dead, and not even the gods able to withstand his absence. Never that, because he could not be hurt by anything of earth, air, fire, or water.

And then came the shaft of mistletoe whizzing to do the work that spears and battle-axes could not do. Balder dead; the frost giants in full possession; the horrible Fimbul-winter over the world. The sun so weak and low that one day a great wolf chased it from rising to setting, and at its last stride sprang on it and devoured it. So in Egypt did Sut swallow Horus, but never with such catastrophic effect as was invented for the phenomenon by our Norse ancestors. Here was Horus or Balder dead, and for ever in Helheim, because though all gods, men, beasts, birds, and flowers wept for him, Loki, his murderer, was dry-eyed. Misery and annihilation, thanks to one faithless weed, the mistletoe.

It is a great and altogether unexpected triumph in a heathen mythology that has transformed an actor so worthy of execration into so high an emblem of rejoicing and friendship. It is true that the arrow was but an instrument, though in this story, wherein nightingale and gentian are given equal place with gods and men, that word scarcely applies to anything living. Loki was just as much an instrument of fate, which has always been superior to the gods. It could scarcely be expected of those rough old heathen Norsemen that they should forgive Loki and make of him an object of honor and love. The dropping fire of a serpent's venom was good enough for him.

The holly at any rate is our own tree. It is said to grow nowhere else to the stately timber size that it often attains in Great Britain. It stands out at once in our deciduous woods as the first to be chosen for our Christmas decorations. We can make nothing of the hawthorn, though at the end of a mild autumn like this it is one mass of coral. Verdure must be had and, besides, the hawthorn had its day in the season which gives it the universal name of May. It is said that in some districts holly is just as naturally called Christmas. It has, of course, been called holy, though that may be no significant step in the transition from the earlier

Holme and Hulver. Even if it had no berries, it would reappear to us with the suddenness of a new growth when the other trees strip and reveal its shapely pyramids of shining green. But the coral fruit in rings round the stems of the glossy and durable leaves makes it altogether irresistible as a midwinter decoration. There is no need of myth to explain the position of the holly on our walls, and the legend that the Cross was made of its wood is shared by several other trees, including even the mistletoe. *Micel* means big, and the mistletoe's present low stature and humble habit may be the result of a curse. Thus it came to be called in some old herbals, *Lignum Sanctæ Crucis*.

It is a modern as well as an ancient habit to ask the why of everything. The moderns desire what they are pleased to consider much more serious answers than the ancients. Formerly, we learnt that the holly berries used to be white, and had only been red since the Crucifixion. Now, we want to know quite scientifically why the holly and why the mistletoe choose the very middle of the winter for their fructification, as well as why butterflies are so beautiful, flowers so varied, and many other matters. Some of these questions the men of science answer plausibly enough. Thus, the holly is prickly in its lower branches to keep the cows from browsing on it, but when it has shot up out of the cows' reach it grows smooth leaves because it really prefers that kind. But the stock of unanswered questions is accumulating. We do not swallow the very first apparently Darwinian reason that is given us so greedily as once we did. We begin to think, as some really scientific people suggest, that sometimes a reason more like the old fairy tale may be the right one. Thus, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace writes:—

"What could be the use to the butterfly of its gaily-painted wings, or to the humming-bird of its jewelled breast, except to add to the final touches of a world-picture calculated at once to please and to refine mankind? And even now, with all our recently-acquired knowledge of this subject, who shall say that these old-world views were not intrinsically and fundamentally sound; and that, although we now know that color has 'uses' in nature that we little dreamt of, yet the relations of those colors . . . to our senses and emotions may not be another, and more important, use which they subserve in the great system of the universe?"

What would Christmas be without its holly and its mistletoe? Who can imagine bonnier decorations? And if mistletoe grew as a high timber tree on its own roots, is it not certain that its beauty and charm as a decoration would be diminished? It is important to think of it as a parasite chosen for honor in spite of its sinful life, and, hanging in the position of growth on a beam, it fills the room with a grace that nothing of "earth or air" could bestow. Holly in that position would be upside-down; in any position it is obviously out of its own place, but the beam becomes the mistletoe's bough and puts it wonderfully at home. The mistletoe was undoubtedly made for Christmas decoration. As for what its ritual should be, let others decide.

Present-Day Problems.

CANADA AND THE IMPERIAL DEFENCE COMMITTEE.

THE most important Imperial topic that has come under discussion for some time past is the Canadian double-barrelled suggestion of a naval contribution, weighted by representation on the Committee of Imperial Defence. It has always been the method of the British people to take a fence when they get to it, and not to trouble about it until it rises, sheer and menacing, before them. Thus have we evolved our so-called Constitution, which is simply the King, acting through various Ministers, judges, and officials, who are controlled, and whose status may be shaped or altered from time to time, by the supreme and final power, which is Parliament. Bagehot used to say that it was the House of Commons, but in recent times the House of Lords has resuscitated its legal

powers. Hence the Parliament Act, which is a clumsy compromise, and is one of the few instances in which constitutional powers have received embodiment in a written enactment.

The Prime Minister of Canada, with the consent of British Ministers, proposes one of the typical adaptations, or makeshifts, of British constitutionalism in his scheme for the representation of Canada on the Committee of Imperial Defence, practically as the price of the naval contribution. The Committee itself is such a development, unknown to the Constitution, as are the Cabinet and much else of the real governing machinery of the nation. It is now proposed to give the Dominions political representation on this Committee, in order, apparently, to satisfy in some measure the obvious need and demand for a colonial voice in Imperial foreign policy—a demand created by the fact that the colonies are now contributing substantially to Imperial defence. It is to be doubted, however, whether such a scheme can ever permanently satisfy the needs of the colonies. Under the Australian plan of building a local navy, all the administrative control is in the hands of the local Parliament, and the necessities of representation accompanying taxation are thus far fulfilled. But the real issue is the policy which determines peace and war—the policy which leads up to the use of the navies provided by local taxation. Here is the difficulty, and it is questionable whether the proposal now so rapturously received by a section of the press of this country is capable of solving it. We have had no explanation of the way in which foreign policy and the conduct of foreign policy are to be related to the Imperial Defence Committee, or how colonials, if represented on that body, are to influence international decisions. It is quite feasible that this Committee of statesmen and experts should, by its advice, enable the Prime Minister from time to time to lay down the defence policy of this country, the provision necessary to make it adequate, and so on, and to satisfy the House of Commons on such points. It is quite feasible that it should exercise a general supervision over, and an initiatory stimulus to, general war organisation. But it is not very feasible that the Foreign Secretary should consult with such a committee during the progress of his delicate negotiations with great foreign Powers. The actual conduct of foreign policy is the thing that makes for peace or war; it is determined from time to time, often from day to day, by issues arising, altering, assuming new phases. It can be done by one man only, assisted by expert advice, but by one responsible man. He may, and undoubtedly would, consult with the Prime Minister in acute crises. But the exigencies of the position are such that he cannot go round consulting everybody. That is quite impracticable, and, because it is at any rate considered impracticable, Radicals have never been able to have their way and to lift the veil of secrecy which shrouds the conduct of foreign affairs. The House of Commons is represented, though, it may be argued, insufficiently, in foreign policy, because the man in charge of it is responsible to that Chamber, and from time to time has to give an account of his stewardship to it. And for this reason it is unlikely that the House of Commons would ever tolerate the Minister responsible to it being influenced, or guided, or controlled by an outside body, such as the Committee of Imperial Defence. It would be setting up a power, a new power, above Parliament. There is complaint enough now that the Cabinet is such a power, but the Cabinet is, after all, responsible to Parliament, and responsibility is the binding and co-ordinating chain running through all executive and administrative actions. To alter the metaphor, responsibility is the key to our whole system of Parliamentary Government, and if any part of it fails to open to that key, the whole system is endangered.

This is, it would seem, the great and insuperable difficulty in making the Committee of Imperial Defence an organ of Imperial Government—Imperial in the wider sense of including the Colonies. Similarly, it seems impracticable to make it, on the main issue involved, viz., foreign policy, an organ of Imperial expression. Foreign policy is not like defence or strategy, a subject whose main lines can be ascertained and defined. Except

the treaties or understandings in existence, there are no rules to guide the Foreign Secretary. He has constantly to act and judge and decide from day to day, and it would be useless, as well as impolitic and impracticable, for him to consult the Imperial Defence Committee on these fine and ever-changing issues. The Foreign Office is like a War Office always at war. There are other reasons, and very weighty ones, against the practicability of the proposal, except as it may be viewed in the character of a mere sop to Colonial susceptibilities. The High Commissioners could not adequately represent the Colonies on an Imperial Council of statesmen, if there were to be any genuine political force in it. No one but a Minister, sharing the counsels of his Cabinet, and sharing their responsibility to Parliament, could speak with anything like the same weight as British Ministers responsible to the House of Commons. And as a matter of fact the Canadian proposal is that a Canadian Minister shall be resident in London for this purpose. But such a proposition is surely not very feasible in the case of the three Southern Dominions of Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. In the Australian Federal Parliament, in 1904 I think it was, we had three successive Governments within a period of ten months; in many of the State Parliaments the changes have at times been even more rapid. How, in such circumstances, are you going to replace your Minister in London? This is to say nothing of the extreme difficulty a Minister would experience in keeping in intimate touch with his chief and the rest of the Cabinet when so far away. And it is quite conceivable that these political changes might occur at a time of international crisis.

All these considerations seem to come back to the prime condition of responsibility. If you are to have Imperial Government, in the wider sense of representing the whole Empire, you must have a properly-constituted organ of Imperial Government, responsible to the people of the whole Empire, and foreign policy must be conducted by some one responsible to that organ. The makeshift plan has seen its day, but it was a day of comparatively small things. It answered under unitary government, but it is plain and palpable that if you are to have federalism in any form to be effective, you must sit down and write a constitution. People will tell us that this is inconsistent with the spirit of British genius, as if the British could do nothing of a constructive character. Who, it may be asked, devised the American Constitution, and who drafted the Australian Constitution? The authors of these were British people, impressed by the sense of the necessity of a written constitution for any plan of federal government. And if we are not to have an Imperial Federation, what is to be the future of the Empire? Simply this: that the Colonies will build their own navies, raise their own forces, and, as they become larger, claim the right to say whether or not they will join in any war which British policy creates. That is the right claimed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier now, and he has the logic of the position. Needless to say, under such circumstances, the British Empire, as a single organisation, would always be hanging by a thread—although it might continue so suspended for a great length of time—but the choice lies between this and some real form of Imperial Federation. This raises, as all who have studied the subject are aware, enormous difficulties; but representation on the Committee of Imperial Defence, while it might help to federalise the defensive plans of the Empire, would be powerless without the vitalising element of responsibility—and you can only leave responsibility in the long run to a single body—to secure really Imperial determination of Imperial policy.

AUSTRALIAN.

Communications.

THE AUTONOMY OF ALBANIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Some races are born free, and some have freedom thrust upon them. Of the Albanians one may assert both these things; everything depends on what one means

by freedom. They have willed freedom and often attained it, if freedom means only the absence of alien constraint. But it is only lately, and among the more enlightened sections of the race, that the ambition for an independent national existence has found conscious expression. It is this which has come to them suddenly, and almost unsought, by the will of a Europe which hardly knows them, as the accidental result of a war in which they alone, the most warlike of all the Balkan peoples, have played no part. In the troubled history of Turkey there has been no irony like this. Cretans, Armenians, Macedonians must struggle, the first for a century and the others for a generation. Cretans and Macedonians have attained their end at last, the finis of a bloodstained roll of braveries, tortures, and massacres, and not a man among them, if he is honest, will breathe a word of thanks to Europe. Of the fate of the Armenians, who that would be cheerful will venture to think? But to the Albanians, who neither asked nor strove, liberty has come in full measure, and the Ambassadors of the Great Powers, with the assent of their Governments, have proclaimed the principle of their autonomy. Fortunately, there was just enough aspiration for freedom among the Albanians to allow of the formation of a sort of provisional government under that plausible opportunist, Ismail Kemal Bey, and Europe, which commonly pays but little attention to such doubtful manifestations of a people's will, can point, if she pleases, to the accomplished fact. But it is geography which has liberated Albania. When once the armies of the Balkan League had occupied—and permanently occupied—the whole broad territory which lies between Albania and Constantinople, the Albanians must needs be freed. The wires are cut that transmitted the crabbed commands of the Porte. The railways are otherwise employed which used to carry the peasants of Asia Minor to fill the barracks of Jannina and Scutari. The sea which once bore the munitions of that continual conquest which is Turkish rule, is dominated by the white and blue of the Greek Cross. Of all the alternatives, the Powers have chosen the only one which was natural and inevitable. Half from regard for the Albanians, half from jealousy of the Balkan League, they would not assent to the partition of Albania among them. Of other claimants there were only Italy and Austria. Italy and Austria found themselves in the position most aptly summarised by King Francis, when he remarked of the Emperor Charles V.: "My brother Charles and I are perfectly agreed; we both want Milan." They both wanted Albania, and it follows that neither of them can have it. By a process of exclusion, and, primarily, because all the obvious injustices are, for reasons of expediency, impossible, Europe for once has taken the right resolution. Albania will be free, because it would have been difficult to enslave it.

It is a rough but salutary rule in politics and history that a race, or a sex, or a class which has struggled for its freedom has proved its fitness to enjoy it. Of the North Albanians (the Ghegs) it may be truly said that they did little else but struggle for their freedom. I seem to remember an annual rising, with few blank years, through all the time that I have followed Turkish affairs. But it was a barren and negative effort. The Ghegs were for ever repelling Turkish aggressions; but they had no notion of fortifying their country by constructing an organisation within it. They built a tower where they should have made a school. The Southern Albanians (Tosks) have, on the contrary, been steadily busied during the past twenty years in an effort to lay a foundation of civilisation on which a national structure might be raised. The wildness of the Albanians is a theme so entertaining and so novel that the few travellers who have written about them may be excused for the zest with which they elaborated it. It is a romantic delight to read in the erudite, credulous, fascinating, slovenly pages of von Hahn of this and the other Albanian superstition (including, by the way, a belief that any particularly savage Albanian—a notable brigand, for instance—conceals about his person a rudimentary tail). It is a gruesome entertainment to absorb all Miss Durham's lore about blood-feuds and inter-tribal slaughter. Nowhere else in the world can one find the darker Middle Ages preserved on European soil by a European race. Nothing has changed in the remoter mountains, unless it be that the rifle has superseded the bow. But this habit of writing about the Albanians as though we were adding foot-notes to "The Fair Maid of Perth" has

resulted in grave misunderstanding. The intelligent reader who does not sufficiently ponder the map is apt to forget that this romantic medieval Albania is only the northern corner which includes the Mirdite lands, the Highlands (Malessia) round Scutari, Liuma, Dibra, and, in a less degree, the country round Ipek, Djakova, and Prishtine. The centre and the South is already partially civilised, and what is more to the point, it has a wistful, and even energetic, aspiration for culture. Twenty years ago it began to dawn on a few enlightened Albanians that the main reason why their race was backward, disunited, and uncivilised, was that their language had always been banned and persecuted by Church and State, by Bishops and Pashas, by Greeks and Turks. It had never been reduced to writing. It boasted neither liturgy nor gospel. First the spelling-book, then the Testament, and at length the patriotic history began to circulate among the villages in the packs of colporteurs, who spent their time between the fair and the prison. A little *élite* of enlightened men from all the three Churches came together, and, wherever they met, a new fraternity declared itself, which was firm enough to sweep aside the barriers of religion and caste. Exiles and emigrants in Bucharest, Sofia, and, above all, the United States, fostered the new movement, which moved rapidly from purely cultural to political ambitions. The Young Turkish revolution in the first happy months of its hopeful beginnings revealed the extent and the vigor of this movement. Everywhere schools were opened with the despised vernacular as the language of instruction. A club, a printing press, a normal college, a newspaper—all the apparatus of education and self-reliant effort—sprang promptly into existence. One need not pause to relate how, subsequently, the Young Turks caused a rebellion by their endeavors to suppress all these efforts, and attempted to divide the Albanian race by forcing the Moslems to use Arabic characters and the Orthodox to use Greek letters, while Catholics alone were permitted to employ the Latin alphabet, which had become the recognised vehicle of the common language. One cannot too often insist on this episode in recent Albanian history. There are sceptics and romantics enough to tell us of Albanian brigandage and vendetta. The struggle for the language reveals the other capacities of the race—the capacities which will make autonomy possible.

It is so much the fashion to dwell on the manifest difficulties about Albanian autonomy—the poverty of the country, the wildness of the race, the absence of men who know by experience what civilised government means, the habits of brigandage and blood-feud—that I am tempted to enlarge on another catalogue, the conditions which will make it easy. All these obstacles existed in Montenegro, and were overcome. In Albania they will matter little—on one single condition: that the old houses rally to the new Government. This race is unique among Balkan peoples by its feudal and aristocratic tradition. Its nobility became Moslem to save its lands, and the peasantry followed. If the same nobility elects to support the new order, everything will march smoothly. No doubt there will be for many years much of the customary blood-letting. One must not take that too tragically. Among the many Albanian superstitions our modern fetish of the value of mere existence is not included. If the new Government can make schools and roads, found centres of civilisation in the towns, and, by way of a beginning, lay down the principle that it is indecent to shoot a schoolmaster, progress will be sufficiently rapid. There is none of the appalling racial confusion which exists in Macedonia. Nor need it be supposed that the religious divisions of the Albanians will create discord, if the Government shows reasonable tact. The Moslem Albanian, it is true, hates the Christian Serb; but it is because he is a Slav and an alien, and not because he is a Christian. Even among the Ghegs there is no fanatical feeling against Christians who are also Albanians. Religion sits very lightly on the Albanians of all creeds. Up to 1703 most of the Ghegs still attended mass by stealth, while they conformed outwardly to Islam; but in that year Rome forbade the practice. There are still a few villages, I believe, where infants are both circumcised and baptised, and Moslem Ghegs will light a taper at the altar when they enter a church. In the South, most of the Moslems belong to the heretical Bektashi sect, whose watchword is tolerance and latitudinarianism; I have a suspicion, for which I could give grounds, that this sect, in its secret rites, actually denies that Mohammed is a prophet.

Under a neutral or Christian Government, the religious partition of the race would rapidly change. The present three-fifths majority of Moslems would not survive the departure of the Turks.

On two conditions the future of Albania will mainly depend. The first is that some generous financial subsidy is made to it by Europe in its early years. The country is poor at the best, though it probably has mineral wealth, and the wilder tribes will not endure direct taxation. The second is that its frontiers are widely drawn. It is inevitable that Servia should take Novi Bazar and Kossovo, though the population of these regions is, by a large majority, Albanian. The Greeks, one supposes, will be allowed to annex at least some part of Epirus, though its population, while partially Hellenised, was originally Albanian. The crucial question, to my thinking, is the fate of the Southern-Central districts—Vallona, Berat, and, above all, Koritza. Here the movement for the national language had its most eager partisans. Here is an active, intelligent, and already partially educated population, which, in spite of a hoary Philhellenic tradition, has become consciously Albanian. Koritza, in my experience, despite its remoteness from the sea and from railways, is quite the most progressive and interesting town in European Turkey. Greece is to be congratulated if she gets it. But Albania needs it. Rob her of these districts, and there is no compensation which Europe could give her to balance the loss—not even if the Servians were forbidden to hold the wild regions they have taken in the North. With Koritza, Berat, and Vallona, there will be a brain in the new Albania. Without them she will be condemned to a nearly hopeless struggle against her internal barbarism. There may be some case for giving Jannina to the Greeks. It is a Hellenic town, though the country round it is Albanian. One can see far less justification for handing over Scutari to Montenegro, for it hardly contains a Slav minority which could be counted. Scutari is necessary to the culture of the Catholic North, as Koritza is to the culture of the Orthodox South. A meagre territory means continual unrest, and the growth in the new Albanian State of a passion to recover *Albania irredempta*. The partisan of the Balkan League who encourages it to absorb an alien and peculiarly intractable population is doing it the worst of services. The Servians would be bad rulers, and the Albanians worse subjects. The ideal arrangement would be a generously drawn frontier for a neutralised State under a European governor. The Albanians would probably prefer a Prince to a commoner, and a Protestant, if a suitable candidate could be found, would excite the least jealousy. To choose a Moslem, and to give this essentially European race an artificial Asiatic character, would be a grave mistake, which only a misunderstanding could explain. The Albanian Moslems embraced Islam by accident, and they never cordially took it to their breasts. By their chivalry, their code of honor, and their respect for women, they are instinctively of all Balkan races the most European. If the details of the new settlement are wisely drafted, a people will have been added to the family of nations which will, in the end, have much of value to contribute to the common stock.—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Letters to the Editor.

LIBERALS AND THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is something achieved to have obtained from Mr. Hemmerde the tardy admission that the landowner does ultimately bear the burden of the rates. But what now becomes of the hubbub about relieving the occupier? It is now admitted that the responsibility is not on him, but that he is a mere conduit pipe through which the payment is made for and on behalf of the landowner. This, at any rate, simplifies the problem. The landowner has borne the rates once, and if he is to be called on again, it is for a double payment. Again, apart from the increase of the rate, which is discussed below, how are either Imperial or local funds

to benefit if the landowner rather than the occupier is the person who makes the payment?

The landowner cannot obtain an excessive rent for the use of his land for more than a temporary period. In the long run the law of supply and demand will operate to bring down the rent to a fair amount. Even if he could, it does not help Mr. Hemmerde's argument.

The income fixes the capital value. The higher that mounts, the more increment value duty must be paid.

I must, at this point, correct Mr. Hemmerde's misrepresentation of what I wrote as to the effect of the recent taxation on unearned increment. I have all through stated that this new instrument has, in principle, removed the distinguishing feature between land and other kinds of property as an investment. If the present one-fifth proportion is thought not to be sufficient, let more be taken. The principle, however, has been won.

As everyone else appears to have read the Hanley illustration in the same way as I did, I do not feel much humiliated by Mr. Hemmerde's statement that the view I took was not what he meant. He has, however, now given us something which cannot, I think, be misunderstood.

The value of all the land in the country he takes at six thousand millions sterling. He proposes to take one penny in the pound on this capital value (that is, one two-hundred-and-fortieth part) to relieve his Hanley ratepayer and others. The first confiscatory raid of the new land taxers will, therefore, amount to £25,000,000. Let us see how it works. We will take the case of a small proprietor who has invested his capital of £3,000 in the purchase of 100 acres of land, which he farms himself. As a citizen, he is, in his efforts to put the land to the best use, rendering the highest possible service to the country. Nevertheless he belongs to the unworthy tribe of landowners, so he must be subjected to Mr. Hemmerde's special tax of one penny in the pound on the capital value, i.e., £12 10s. per year (being an additional 3s. in the pound on his rates), to help to provide cheap labor for the manufacturers at Hanley and other places!

Take, next, the case of a town shopkeeper, who has paid £5,000 for the site of his business premises. He must, in addition to his contribution to local rates (already unreasonably high, on account of there being included in them cost of national work in the way of maintenance of poor, and education, &c.), pay the land taxers' new imposition to the amount of £20 16s. 8d., again to provide manufacturers with cheap labor. I think the result, both in the case of the farmer and the shopkeeper, would be that the additional tax would be added to the price of their wares, so the ultimate result is that the working classes would pay more for food and clothing, and, incidentally, the foreigner would be enabled to obtain a higher price for the goods he brings to our markets. If Mr. Hemmerde can have his way, it will be made impossible for the farmer or the shopkeeper to pass forward the increased taxation. Whilst all this is going on, the people who have invested in securities other than land are escaping their fair contribution to local and national burdens.

Mr. Hemmerde misses the point in his criticism of my suggestion as to payment of poor and education rate in the Hanley case from the National Exchequer. He says it would enrich the landowner. Obviously it would not. Less burdens on his land means increased capital value, and so more increment value duty. Mr. Hemmerde really should not throw stones at us for failure "to master elementary principles, &c."

I ought not to omit to call Mr. Hemmerde's attention to the point that, as to so much of the six thousand millions capital value of land as is made up of agricultural land, at least one-half, and probably more, of such value represents improvements made to such land by the owners in the past, so that in taxing the capital value he is in reality, to a very large extent, taxing improvement.

Mr. Hemmerde says the wages of the worker cannot be improved without land reform on the land taxers' lines. Nothing could be further from the truth. We want to get the land divided and distributed into as many hands as possible. Who is likely to come along and invest his money in land for agricultural purposes with a violent confiscatory agitation like the new land taxers' proposals going on?

A word as to the shocking example of Rosyth. The

surrounding landowners, according to Mr. Hemmerde, are reaping the benefit of the Government's expenditure. This was a virgin field when the Government decided to construct the naval base. It did not require a very wise man to divine the result of what was proposed. What were the astute new land taxers in Parliament doing that they missed such a golden opportunity, and did not insist on the Government's buying up the surrounding land, and so reaping the result of their advent?

By all means, put an end to enclosures of land for deer and such like purposes, facilitate the distribution of land as much as possible; but it must be firmly settled that land, as an investment, is to receive precisely the same treatment as all other classes of securities.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT STYRING.

Brinkcliffe Tower, Sheffield.

SERBO-CROAT SENTIMENT AND THE BALKAN WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Nowhere except among the combatants themselves is the present Balkan War followed with such keen interest as among the Southern Slavs of Austria-Hungary. Our interest is not that of mere spectators imbued with strong sympathies for a just cause, such as are felt by all lovers of liberty, regardless of creed or nationality. Our interest is an intense national feeling, based upon a conscious national solidarity with Serbia, Montenegro, and Bulgaria. For us, the artificial boundaries created by circumstances beyond our will or power, do not exist. We know, we feel, that the successes or failures of the Allies are our own, and hence every blow struck by Belgrade or Sofia finds its ready echo at Agram, Spalato, Sarajevo, and Laibach. Only one who lives here and belongs to this people could have felt the agony as to the issue of the conflict when it started, or could have given vent to such wild enthusiasm and jubilation when the news of the victories began to arrive.

We, the Southern Slavs of the monarchy, are not in an enviable position. For the past nine months Croatia has groaned under the iron hand of a Royal Commissary with absolute powers. Politically, we are split up into five artificial administrative divisions; economically, we are both neglected and exploited. One quarter of our population has emigrated to America or to British colonies in search, not only of liberty, but of bread. Still, so long as the war lasts, we have forgotten, or put aside, all our wants, and are participating with all our mental faculties in the heroic struggle of our brethren.

We, the Croats and Serbs of the Monarchy, though inhabiting districts rich in natural resources, and seemingly intended by Nature for commercial activities, have become, thanks to the selfish and short-sighted policy of our rulers, as poor as church mice. And yet the money is pouring in for the Red Cross funds of the Balkan Allies. What strikes us about these contributions is not the large individual subscriptions (for these are rare), but the extraordinary number of small sums. Men, women, and children all contribute their farthings. With the exception of Agram and Laibach, we possess no towns with more than 30,000 inhabitants. We have no commercial or industrial centres. Ninety-five per cent. of our population are peasants, and it is they who represent the bulk of our sympathies for our fighting brethren. Every town and village in Dalmatia, however small—even with only 200-300 souls—has formed its committee to collect funds from house to house; and these are then sent to Belgrade, Cetinje, or Sofia. In many cases, peasants contribute sums altogether out of proportion to their means; workmen willingly give a whole week's wages; and if one tries to persuade them to give less out of regard for their families, they rebuke one, saying that that is nothing in comparison to what the Serbians and Bulgarians are doing.

There is one more feature about these Red Cross contributions to which I wish to draw the attention of your readers. The feelings they represent are more patriotic than humanitarian. The same spirit which roused our brethren to arms against the Turks, permeates the Croats and Serbs of the Monarchy also. The whole of Bosnia,

Herzegovina and Slavonia, and the parts of Croatia and Dalmatia suffered at one time under the Turkish yoke, just as our brethren in Macedonia and Thrace; and there are very few towns throughout these districts of our common country, which do not bear the marks of Turkish barbarism. Almost all the Serbs in Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, are former refugees from Serbia and Bosnia, who, unable to endure Turkish rule, sought shelter under the sway of the Hapsburgs. The "military frontier," which extended almost from Belgrade to Fiume, and which was only abolished finally in the year 1880, has passed into history. The population living along this military frontier were so trained and used to constant fighting for over two hundred years that they became the invincible part of the Austrian Army known as "Granitchars" (Frontiersmen), with whom Austria never lost a battle in which they were engaged. Once the Austrian Army was full of generals hailing from the military frontier; and among the senior officers they are still to be found, though in smaller numbers. But the Germanising policy of to-day does not favor the attainment of any high position in the army or navy by the Southern Slavs, and, as in every other respect, we are reduced in this Monarchy to the position of the proverbial Moor who has done his duty.

Thus the bitter memories of the Turkish yoke are as alive among our people in the Monarchy as among those in Serbia or Bulgaria. The songs of the battlefield of Kossovo (1389) live in the hearts of the Dalmatian peasants as in those of Old Serbia. These beautiful national songs, breathing the same spirit as the Iliad or Odyssey, contain all the historic records of five long centuries of untold sufferings of our people. It was these songs that kept the national conscience alive, and in thrilling terms and in words which make their appeal to the humblest and most uneducated, taught the people that Kossovo must be avenged. The wonders achieved by the armies of Serbia and Bulgaria in the present campaign, the patriotism and heroic sacrifices shown by humble peasant soldiers, are the fruits of that spirit which the national songs have preserved in the hearts of the people.

Until recently, we Southern Slavs were despised and derided by our German fellow-citizens in the Monarchy, and during the Bosnian crisis of 1908, the Viennese press wrote of Serbia with humiliating contempt. The Austro-Hungarian Government has always treated its Southern Slav subjects as a nation which numbers seven millions of subjects, and inhabits territory of such vital strategic importance to the Monarchy, should never be treated. The Agram "High Treason" Trial (1909) and the Friedjung Trial of the same year in Vienna, the introduction of a dictatorship in Croatia last April—events odious and discreditable to the Monarchy—have put to a severe test the patience of our people. When war broke out, and it was announced from Vienna that the Allies would not be allowed to enjoy the fruits of their eventual victory, the Southern Slavs of the Monarchy were the first to raise their voice in protest against such an attitude on the part of our own Government. And when the news of the victories began to arrive, the people, so to speak, went wild with joy. The small special editions published daily at Zara, Sebenico, Spalato, and Cattaro, were simply devoured. Hundreds who were never in the habit of reading newspapers, bought up these small sheets, which contained news so dear to their hearts. Dalmatia took the lead in these national rejoicings. Demonstrations became a daily occurrence. The Turks beaten! Kossovo avenged! Enthusiasm knew no bounds; everywhere the Balkan monarchs and their armies were acclaimed. Simultaneously, loud protests were raised against the misrule and oppression of Croatia, and the artificial divisions of the Southern Slavs of the Monarchy. These warm effusions of joy and protest, so natural to the Southern temperament, did not please the Government of Vienna. It saw in them disloyalty, and even treason, and in order to punish the people, two of the principal Dalmatian town councils, those of Spalato and Sebenico, were dissolved, and charges brought against the Mayor of the former for "high treason." The Government's arbitrary action found a ready response in the province. All the parties set aside their differences, and at a meeting in Zara, at which all were represented, voted a unanimous resolution against the dissolution of the communes. We further bound ourselves to stand united in our demands for national unity

and autonomy; and we emphatically protested against a possible war, in which our sons would have to fight for the freedom of Albania at the very moment when even the semblance of freedom, unity, and constitution is being denied to us ourselves within the Monarchy.

Since this resolution was voted a month ago, the international situation has taken a gloomy turn, and thousands upon thousands of our sons have been summoned to the colors. The agony felt throughout the Southern Slav districts of the Monarchy on account of a possible conflict with Serbia is indescribable. We hope that Providence will spare us the bitter trial which threatens us, of having to fulfil our duty to the throne by marching against our Serbian brethren, whose only fault is that they are small, and want to be free in their own house.

Were the statesmen of the Monarchy wiser, European peace would never have been threatened. The dual system of government in Austria-Hungary, granting an unjust hegemony to two races over all the others, exacts as the price of its existence an unfriendly policy not only towards Serbia, but also towards the Monarchy's own Southern Slav subjects. Both geographical and economic reasons (the latter as a result of the former) demand that Austria and Serbia should live as good and peaceful neighbors. All the Slavs of the Monarchy favor a policy of friendly relations, but unfortunately their views conflict with those of the Government, and thus an unnatural situation is created, in which the Southern Slavs are the chief sufferers.

The true interests of the Monarchy and the Dynasty suffer, too. This the Germans and the Magyars refuse to admit, and there is grave danger that this error may only become apparent when it is already too late.—Yours, &c.

J. F. LUPIS.
(National Croatian Deputy).

Curzola, Dalmatia, December 15th, 1912.

THE ATTACK ON VOLUNTARY SERVICE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Arnold Lupton's sensible letter in your issue of the 21st raises an important point that must have occurred to many, but one that is seldom or never mentioned in political circles—i.e., that, however large an army is wanted, there is no need for us to resort to conscription. "One volunteer is better than three pressed men," and if the miserable wages of Tommy Atkins are multiplied by four or five (or by nine or ten, if necessary), as large an army can be obtained as the population of the country will permit, and, if there is any truth in the proverb, a far better army than is to be had by forced labor.

This plan has also the great merit of being strictly on the lines of justice. Since England became private property, and all the common land was "stolen from the goose," it has become a nice point what sort of an interest the vast majority of Englishmen have in their native land. When an Englishman's home was a bit of land with a cottage, where his father had lived and died before him, there was something worth defending. But when the phrase only means a sordid tenement house, rented from some agent at sundry shillings a week, in the crowded slums of a large town (and that is how the bulk of Englishmen live in England nowadays), what is there worth defending? The sentiment has just about "petered out," and, as for the practical aspect of the case, emigration becomes easier every year, and the Englishman will be much better off in Canada, where he can go for a very few pounds, and make a civilised home for himself—one worth defending.

And yet the propertied classes—the owners not only of the realised wealth of England, but, under our laws, actually of England itself—have the insolence to suggest that these landless and homeless Englishmen should be placed in barracks, whether they wish it or no, should be taught the arts of war, and be made to risk their lives whenever these owners of England think their property needs defending!

The whole business has come to be a matter of insurance, and, obviously, the only fair method is for insurance premiums to be paid by those who want their property insured. If a penny in the £ on the capital value is not sufficient, make it threepence, or sixpence, or a shilling. There are any

number of soldiers to be had if the wages are high enough. It is not as risky a trade, on the whole, as railway work or coal-mining.

Of course, these large armies will never be needed—not for any purposes of defence, at all events. Germany is no more likely to attack us than we are to attack her, or, suddenly and without provocation, to invade France. But that is the way to talk to those jumpy patriots who see red wherever they look, and are so timid withal that they think England is doomed unless she has "three keels to one" of a possible enemy. If they want a heavy insurance, let them pay the premium.

It is difficult to say whether it is more cynical and despicably mean for the rich to try and tax the poor man's food so as to make him pay this premium (and incidentally raise the rent values of rural land), or to try and force or cajole him (unpaid or quite inadequately paid) into fighting for the protection of their property. But there is no doubt whatever that it is a melancholy sight to see a once great and ultra-respectable political party descended so low that its two main constructive ideas are Protection and Conscription.

—Yours, &c.,

E. M.

Hale, Cheshire.

December 23rd, 1904.

THE IMPERIAL DEFENCE COMMITTEE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The danger to Parliamentary control of foreign policy and hence to control of armaments is again illustrated in the conditions attached to the Canadian gift of three super-Dreadnoughts. Canada is to have a permanent seat on the Imperial Defence Committee, and a voice in deciding foreign policy. Mr. Borden was careful to point out that the Committee did not technically control foreign policy, but he stated quite frankly what is obviously true, viz., that "as so many important members of the Cabinet attend the Committee, its conclusions are usually accepted by the Cabinet, and thus command the support of the majority of the House of Commons," and further "the Committee is constantly obliged to consider foreign policy and foreign relations for the obvious reason that defence, and especially naval defence, is inseparably connected with such considerations." In other words, a Committee of naval and military experts and of Ministers, some only of whom will be responsible to the House of Commons (for Ministers of the other Dominions will have to be included), will decide for all practical purposes the foreign policy and armaments policy of the country.

Surely the danger of this irresponsible "Empire Cabinet" must be obvious to every lover of Freedom and Peace. A recent resolution of the National Peace Council, viewing "with grave disquiet the growth, especially in connection with the Committee of Imperial Defence, of the influence of the professional expert on the Cabinet and the House of Commons on the question of foreign policy," is not without justification.—Yours, &c.,

CARL HEATH.

National Peace Council, 167, St. Stephen's
House, Westminster, S.W.
December 21st, 1912.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—“Old Etonian” and “Jam Rude Donatus” are presumably schoolmasters. I, on the other hand, am not a professional instructor of gilded youth; I belong to that guilty class of British parents who, as your correspondents aver, are mainly responsible for the admitted shortcomings of our Public School system. Nevertheless, I agree in the main with their strictures upon our conduct in the domestic sphere. I agree, also, that the schoolmaster, being himself a principal sufferer from our *lâches*, deploras as much as anybody the luxury and Philistinism, the lack of discipline, the incentives to self-assertion and self-indulgence, which so many of his young charges—Etonians perhaps in particular—encounter in their home life; and he

deserves credit for doing what he can to counteract these influences.

I will not inflict on your readers views which I have already expressed elsewhere upon this somewhat prickly topic; but at this festive season of the year I may be permitted to quote some lines of doggerel which, though written ten years ago, still seem apposite:—

"Vain, Pedagogue, is thy regret!
Thy lads, in each parental parlor,
Their little whistles daily wet
With Perrier Jouet or Ayala."

—Yours, &c.,

H. E. M. S.

December 23rd, 1912.

THE FLOGGING CRAZE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Surely the great argument against all merely deterrent legislation is that it tends to satisfy the minds of those who might otherwise devote their energies to the far more difficult and desirable task of prevention. Lash or no lash, there will be procurers and bullies just so long as the profits of the White Slave Trade make it worth the while of men and women to run the risks attendant on it. And the trade in girls will be the most remunerative industry on earth just so long as there is a class with the leisure to pursue vice, a fund of unconsumed energy to spend in it, and the money to practise it under the most pleasant conditions. And is there not something of irony in the thought that men of the class that is the cause of the social evil in its worst forms have been voting with righteous indignation for the application of the lash to the backs of men who run the trade which, but for this class, would not exist? The bully under the lash would be the vicarious victim of the class he caters for. We flog him for supplying our demand. And, in so doing, we seek to shift the responsibility for the gravest crime of the society of which we are the ruling members from our own complacent backs to his bleeding shoulders.

I do not suggest for a moment that Members of Parliament are more immoral than the rest of us; but the bulk of them stand for the economic *status quo*. And to stand for the economic *status quo* seems to me to stand in unconsciously with the White Slave Trader. The cure of the trouble is to be found surely, not in the lash, but in an economic revolution, the result of a spiritual awakening of the nation, and not least of the class to whom the "pimp" looks for a rich return on the capital he invests.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED OLLIVANT.

16, Milton Mansion, Queen's Club Gardens.

MEREDITH AS A YOUNG MAN'S POET.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is something fine in these days of "adult" reviews and journals that one is able to find so splendid a statement of the attitude and claims of youth as the review of Meredith's poems in a recent issue of *THE NATION*. Permit me, as a young man in love with the life that Meredith loved, to express my gratitude to your reviewer. At the same time I would like to dissent from one of his statements.

He says: "It is not true that the most ethereal, the most ecstatic poets, appeal more to youth than those who find their beauty in less radiant realities. This may have been the case with some young generations; but it has certainly not been the case with all, nor is it natural that it should always be so." I can only express my own feelings; but I would certainly say that the common tendencies of youth have always been toward the ethereal and ecstatic expression of life. The sense of wonder does not pass with childhood; indeed, it only intensifies with youth. The young man realises "that there are magnificent stakes to be played for in life, and that something admirable, not to say astonishing, can be made out of that mixed stuff each feels himself to be." But it does not follow, therefore, that he is satisfied by the passive beauty of the didactic, or even the lyric. On the contrary, he shuns shallow pools and low hills, seeking for deep waters and stars. To him life presents no philosophy, and but a very vague metaphysic. Youth is far more moral than the moralists.

My first approach to Meredith was through the reading of "Richard Feverel," that testament of youth. It was with feelings wholly ecstatic that I finished the book. Of its form I was at no time during the reading acutely conscious. Form, as your reviewer remarks, is no obstacle to youth; neither, in the first instance, is it an attraction. Wholly ecstatic, too, have been my feelings in reading Meredith's poems. However didactic his form may be, even invested with beauty, it has rarely any appeal to youth, save when it has ethereal qualities. It is that ecstasy behind the bulk of Meredith's poems wherein lies their appeal to youth. But Meredith himself puts it finely in the last poem in this book—

"Once I was part of the music I heard
On the boughs or sweet between earth and sky,
For joy of the beating of wings on high
My heart shot into the breast of a bird."

—Yours, &c.,

HAROLD J. TAYLOR.

17, Liverpool Lawn, Ramsgate.

WHO WAS DATCHERY?

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It was a surprise to see Messrs. Tait and Cullen come up smiling again after being so conclusively knocked out a week ago. What on earth is Datchery doing at Cloisterham unless it is to get Jasper hanged for murder, like the old gentleman in the Bath-chair in "Hunted Down"? And what has Datchery got to spy about for, getting damnatory clues, if, as Edwin Drood, he was through the whole business as intended victim?

Surely we must identify Datchery more than anything by his jolly temperament (which he displays even when he is quite alone) and there is nothing in that of the solemn gipsy Helena (fancy her sitting down alone to a pint of sherry!) or that gloomy humbug Bazzard (though his disappearance from Grewgus's chambers just when Datchery appeared in Cloisterham is, of course, suspicious). Surely, in the voice of Datchery, in all that he says, one hears the very authentic tones of Tartar's voice. As to Tartar's interest in the affair, I consider that there were certain facts still unrevealed which would account for his interest in Helena's brother; otherwise his abrupt intrusion on him in his chambers is rather remarkable. There was probably some past history connecting Tartar and the Landladies, which Dickens still kept up his sleeve. If not, Tartar had interest enough in the boy from the evident concern of Rose about him, and the love of abstract justice.—Yours, &c.,

GAMMA KAPPA.

December 21st, 1912.

Poetry.

NIGHT WANDERERS.

THEY hear the bell of midnight toll,
And shiver in their flesh and soul;
They lie on hard, cold wood or stone,
Iron, and ache in every bone;
They hate the night: they see no eyes
Of loved ones in the starlit skies.
They see the cold, dark water near;
They dare not take long looks for fear
They'll fall like those poor birds that see
A snake's eyes staring at their tree.
Some of them laugh, half-mad; and some
All through the chilly night are dumb;
Like poor, weak infants some converse,
And cough like giants, deep and hoarse.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Adventures of War, With Cross and Crescent." By Philip Gibbs and Bernard Grant. (Methuen. 2s. net.)
 "The Message of Zoroaster." By A. S. Wadia. (Dent. 5s. net.)
 "Georgian Poetry (1911-1912)." (The Poetry Bookshop. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Roger of Sicily, and the Normans in Lower Italy (1016-1154)." By Edmund Curtis. (Putnam. 5s. net.)
 "La Côte d'Émeraude." Painted by T. Hardwicke Lewis. Described by Spencer C. Musson. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Poems." By Lucy Maestorman. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Hutchinson's Popular Botany." By A. E. Knight and Edward Step. (Hutchinson. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.)
 "Images Vénitienes." Par Henri de Régnier. (Paris: Fontemoing. 25 fr.)
 "Voyage au Pays de la Quatrième Dimension." Par G. de Pawlowski. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)
 "Le Général Dagobert (1736-1794)." Par Arthur Chuquet. (Paris: Fontemoing. 7 fr. 50.)
 "Le Glas des Monarchies." Roman. Par Henri Baraude. (Paris: Grasset. 3 fr. 50.)
 "Die Colonna, Bilder aus Roms Vergangenheit." Von Gräfin Luise Ross. (Leipzig: Klinkhart. M. 11.)

CHRISTMAS Eve was the centenary of the birth of Samuel Smiles, and though the teaching of "Self-Help" and "Thrift" cannot be said to be seasonable, Smiles deserves to be remembered for the many useful additions which he made to the world of books. His "Autobiography," edited by Mr. Thomas Mackay, and published half-a-dozen years ago by Mr. Murray, is well worth reading as a simple and unaffected record of what was in its own way a very remarkable career. The eldest of a family of eleven children who lost their father at an early age, Smiles took his medical degree at Edinburgh at the age of twenty, and settled down to a practice in his native town of Haddington. The place, according to one of his neighbors, the future Mrs. Carlyle, was "the dimmest, dearest spot in the Creator's universe . . . the very air one breathes is impregnated with stupidity." Smiles objects to this verdict, and tells us that some years later, when Mrs. Carlyle paid a visit from London to her native place, she confessed to Smiles's mother that "she was quite as miserable with her Genius as she had ever been at Haddington."

BUT the competition of seven other Haddington doctors for the medical care of 3,000 healthy Scots did not offer an alluring prospect to Smiles, and he promptly accepted an offer to edit the "Leeds Times," then suffering from the competition of the "Northern Star," under Feargus O'Connor. At Leeds, Smiles gave great help to the work of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and his first exercise in biography was a short "Life" of Joseph Hume, written to help Hume to win the constituency. His "Autobiography" contains a number of side-lights on the movement, including an account of Ebenezer Elliott, and several letters from Cobden which show the energy and skill with which the campaign was conducted. Some of Elliott's literary judgments are worth quoting. He spoke enthusiastically of Keats as "the great resurrectionised Greek," thought Carlyle "the greatest of living poets though not writing in rhyme," and said that Longfellow's hexameters in "Evangeline" gave "our mighty lyre a new string." He also spoke in terms of much affection of Southey:—

"Southey," he said, "does not like my politics; he thinks me rabid; but he admires my poetry. I have two sons in the Church; he has gone out of his way to recommend their promotion and secure livings for them. I am much indebted to him for his kindness and goodness. Besides, I admire his poetry and his prose, especially his 'Life of Nelson,' which will, perhaps, live longer than all that he has written."

WHILE at Leeds, Smiles made the acquaintance of George Stephenson, and after Stephenson's death he determined to write the biography which was the predecessor of the very successful series of "Lives of the Engineers." There is an amusing story in the "Autobiography" of the first reception of the work by an audience that, one would imagine, ought to have been eager to listen. When, after a great deal of labor, Smiles had got the manuscript into shape, he went

to the house of Stephenson's son, Robert, intending to read some portions of it over to him and a friend:—

"I sought out some of the most interesting parts," he says, "his father's early life, and the history of the Safety Lamp. I read on and on; and when I looked up, Sopwith was drowsy, and Robert Stephenson was profoundly asleep! Gracious goodness! was this to be the result of my labors with the public? But it is true my audience had dined, and dined well. When I stopped, Stephenson suddenly looked up, and said, 'Oh! I hear very well. Go on, if you please.'"

The book appeared in 1857, and within a year it had gone through five editions.

"LIVES OF THE ENGINEERS" was followed by "Industrial Biography," a series dealing with the great mechanical inventors, and it is by directing attention to this class of biography, and by placing on record many facts that would have otherwise been lost, that Smiles has done best service to the world of books. Gladstone had a high opinion of both works, and wrote a letter to their author in which he congratulated him on being the first "to have given practical expression to a weighty truth—namely, that the character of our engineers is a most signal and marked expression of British character, and their acts a great pioneer of British history." Smiles's other books included several further biographies of captains of industry, a couple of volumes on the history of the Huguenots, a "History of Ireland" which he confesses "was written too hurriedly and scarcely deserved the success it obtained," a good account of the publishing firm of John Murray, and the four volumes in which he promulgated the "Gospel according to Smiles"—"Self-Help," "Character," "Thrift," and "Duty."

"SELF-HELP," the most successful of these, experienced the fate of so many books that have had record sales, and was rejected by the first publisher to whom it was offered. The firm of Routledge declined the book in 1855 on the ground that trade was dull owing to the Crimean War. Four years later, when the "Life of George Stephenson" had made him a successful author, Smiles re-wrote the rejected manuscript, and offered it to Murray. An edition of 3,000 copies was sold before the book had been sent out for review, and at the time of Smiles's death the circulation had reached nearly a quarter of a million, while translations had appeared in seventeen different languages. It is difficult to account for this extraordinary vogue which, as Mr. Mackay says, is "a noteworthy and characteristic episode in the second half of the nineteenth century." Evidently the mid-Victorian mind liked didacticism, and experienced a vicarious joy in following the career of the industrious apprentice. At any rate, Smiles hit the popular taste of the period, and "Self-Help" will have to be read by the historian who wishes to understand the psychology of the British people at one of their greatest periods of commercial expansion. Whether such an historian will set as high a value on the book as its author's contemporaries is more than doubtful.

LAST week we drew our readers' attention to the first appearance of "Books that Count." Students of French literature will be glad to supplement that useful guide-book to books by M. Gustave Lanson's "Manuel Bibliographique de la Littérature Française Moderne," the third and concluding volume of which has just been published by Messrs. Hachette. In dealing with the nineteenth century, M. Lanson's first intention was to exclude all works by living writers; but, acting on the principle that "fear of responsibility is not a virtue either in bibliography or in anything else," he has included books by a score of writers who may be immortal but who are yet alive. Among these M. Bergson is the sole representative of philosophy, and M. Henri Rochefort of journalism. M. Anatole France, M. Paul Bourget, and M. Maurice Barrès are the novelists; M. Jules Lemaitre, M. Emile Faguet, and M. Rémy de Gourmont stand for criticism; in "political eloquence" we find M. de Mun, M. Ribot, and M. Jaurès; and the four poets are M. Richepin, M. Henri de Régnier, M. Vielé-Griffin, and M. Verhaeren. It is worth noting that the two latter are not of French birth. Finally, M. Jules Lemaitre, M. Paul Hervieu, M. François de Curel, M. Georges de Porto-Riche, and M. Edmond Rostand are the five dramatic writers to be included.

Reviews.

AN ADVENTURE IN MECCA.

"A Modern Pilgrim of Mecca." By A. J. B. WAVELL, F.R.G.S. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

A NOTICE of this book resolves itself into a notice of the man who wrote it, for Burton has set down for us what the pilgrimage to Mecca means, and photographs by Turks and Greeks have made the holy places of the Eastern world almost as familiar to us as are those of Rome. To begin with, let me say the book is written in a good, plain style, without pretence, and not a shadow of a pose. It has neither pseudo-scientific facts (?) recorded in the notes, nor moralisings on things outside its scope. Mercifully, it has no jokes, for nothing mars a book of travel more than joking dragged in by a man to whom Allah has not vouchsafed His grace. Nor are there any of those long descriptions of the scenery, with piles of adjectives, all meaning nothing, with which so many travellers mortify us, and annoy themselves in turning over dictionaries to find out synonyms for "opaline" and "amethyst." Not but that the writer has a gift for setting down in a few words what an Arabian landscape looks like, as the following shows:—

"The whole aspect of the country is indescribably wild and desolate.

"No trace of vegetation is to be seen, and the rocks assume weird and fantastic shapes, no doubt due to the alternatives of great heat and cold, which cause them to split in all directions. Far to the south, I saw one range topped by a peak which must have approached the snow line. The summit was lost in the clouds and guarded by absolutely sheer precipices at least two thousand feet in height.

"Surrounding it and facing us was a sort of vast amphitheatre, and forming a precipitous wall on the inside."

This is an admirable descriptive passage, and is written to show the reader what the landscape looks like, and not to astound him with the cleverness of him who writes. I quote it, for it is one of the few passages of the kind in the whole book. The journey seems to have been undertaken partly in a spirit of adventure, partly from a desire to accustom the author to Oriental ways, and fit him for exploration of parts of Arabia hitherto unexplored. For this the title of "Haji" (pilgrim) is certainly a useful thing to have, as it invests a man, if not with sanctity, as some suppose, still with a certain interest of its own. Arabia has always interested travellers, and the names of Burton, Blunt, Palgrave, and others, show the kind of men on whom its spell has worked.

Let me say here that the writer of the book continues worthily the best traditions of the past. His endurance, modesty, and cheerfulness in circumstances which, at times, must have been pretty hard to bear, contrast most favorably with the attitude of the much-advertised "African Explorers," who go out with bearers, enormous camps, wireless telegraphy to keep the British public well informed of when and how they have murdered some defenceless animals with their quick-firing rifles . . . "and all their trumperie."

This latest pilgrim took no evening clothes; did not sit in the door of his tent to see his bearers flogged; sent home no telegrams; and never in his book cants about "superior races," "white man's burdens," and never waves the flag. For this relief, Great God of Taste and Common-sense, we give Thee thanks, after perusing some of the nauseating books of "African Explorers," writing with an eye upon their royalties. Arabian travellers have to graduate in a hard school. Even to wear the "Ihrām" (the two bath towels which is all the clothing that a pilgrim is allowed upon the most important days of the Haj), to go bare-headed and bare-footed in the Arabian sun is no light matter for a man born in the North.

The centre of interest has of late years been shifted, as regards the Moslem world, so much westward—Tripoli, Morocco, and of late Turkey—that people are apt to forget that, in Arabia, conditions have but little changed since the days of Mohammed. Turkey derives its importance in the eyes of Moslems solely because its Sultan is the possessor of Mecca and Medina, the sacred places in the estimation of all true Mohammedans. Millions of men, in

Africa, in India, and in the furthest East, daily pray with their faces towards Mecca, that is, as nearly as the variation of the compass permits them. The first thing that Mulai-Abd-el-Assiz, the deposed Sultan of Morocco, did, when he found himself released from the supposed cares of State, was to make the pilgrimage. He was a poor though amiable governor. In going to Mecca he showed himself a good Mohammedan. My friend, El Kaid-el-Mehdi-el-Menebhi, perhaps the most outstanding figure in Morocco, after the fall of his master, followed his example. The old proverb had it, that to see Rome was to lose your faith: "Roma veduta, fede perduta." This cannot be said of Mecca.

Mecca, on the contrary, only seems to strengthen faith—that is, among the Arabs, for I have no experience of the Turks. Thus, such an adventure as the writer's—for despite the sedulously quiet key in which the narrative is pitched, the danger of the enterprise peeps through in every line—is of the greatest interest to any student of the East. I notice several reviewers have contrasted this modern pilgrimage with those of Burton, of Badia, and of Keene, alleging that all risk has disappeared. I, who have often talked the matter over with Arabs and with Moors, planning how best I could disguise myself to go to Mecca, know how much they were deceived.

The book proves this. It starts with an unnecessary explanation of the beginnings of Mohammedanism. It touches on the prayers, the early caliphs, and on the Prophet. It contains one pregnant sentence: "The history of Islam is a record of bloodshed and debauchery, but not more so than that of Christendom." This is the key that unlocks the writer's mind. It shows it is quite unprejudiced, not very sympathetic, but in the main generous and fair to men of other faiths. Of course, he has all the prejudices of a well-educated young Englishman of his class and bringing-up, but they are the prejudices of class and bringing-up; and not inherent in the man. Thus, though his sentiments are often those of the young officer without experience of the world, his practice is quite different, and never once in the whole book does he assume an air as of superiority towards the men he meets. His friends or servants, for the word in Arabic for a servant really means a friend, are really his friends; and though perhaps he might be tempted in a military club to call them "niggers," in actual practice, he, Abdul Wahid, the Bagdadi Mazaudi the black from Zanzibar, are all companions on his pilgrimage.

In fact, he was most fortunate in his choice of men to go on such a journey, for Abdul Wahid understood English, and Masaudi being a Swahili, which language Mr. Wavell spoke, they were able to converse, even before the Arabs, secretly. He explains that the language difficulty was not the greatest that he had to face. Persians and Turks, Malays and Javanese, Albanians, Bosnians, men from Morocco and from Zanzibar, others from Muscat and Bagdad, with Indians and Circassians, and all the representatives of all the races who profess Islam, jostle each other on the pilgrimage. Although their tongues are different, the forms of prayer, the salutations, and all the intimate and trifling customs that constitute a kind of brotherhood amongst the different members of one creed, were all identical. The danger lay in the transgression of the unwritten law of Arab manners, just as it would be if an Arab in the Middle Ages had intended to visit some well-known Christian shrine. He says, for instance, that a man, after he takes a bath, if someone said to him "Naiman," and he was at a loss to answer, would at once be known for what he was—that is, a Frank. In the same way, an Arab who, if one said, "How do you do," to him, replied, "No thank you," would be known as a foreigner, no matter how his clothes were cut, or what his command of the language of the place. So that, disguise it as he may, the fact remains, that from the moment that he got out of the train at the Medina station his life was in his hands—not in his, the Arabs would have said, but in the hands of Allah; and he appears to have been contented that it should be, even as they say.

His preparation for the journey was of the simplest; but the long practice of prayers, responses, rites, customs, and of social uses, must have taken years. One thing was in his favor, which no other European visitor to Mecca had: that

was the Hejaz Railway. Without it, from the first day when he left Syria in the caravan, the danger would have been extreme. Four days he passed in the pilgrim train, an experience few men would like to undergo, but which, though he suffered from a sharp attack of fever, he makes light of. But then, a caravan would have consumed a month, with all the dangers of detection by the way, the attention of the Arab camel-drivers, and all the perils of the road.

Still, in the bare carriages of the Hejaz Railway, with Abdul Wahid and Mazaudi, several Turkish officers, some Syrian pilgrims, "and some very dirty Moroccans," the risk of being found out for a Christian could not have been small. No doubt, as there were Turkish officers in the company, his life would not have been in danger in the train. Still, there were only two alternatives, to go on to Medina, where perhaps even the Turkish officers could not have protected him, or be sent back to Damascus, and lose his journey, for he could not easily have set out again from the same place, after a false start. A bout of malarial fever, which surprised him on the second day, did but bring out the natural kindness of his fellow-travellers, who crushed themselves into the smallest space to give him room to lie upon the floor.

In this little incident the writer shows us, incidentally (for he is not a man of many words), the real kindness of the people and his own special aptitude as an Arabian traveller. It must have been discouraging enough to be laid low with fever at the very outset of the journey in what he, with considerable excuse, styles "the accursed train." He certainly did Mecca thoroughly, seeing the holy places with the best of the pilgrims; throwing the stones on Gibeil Arafat; kissing the Kuaba; and burning and shivering by day and night in the Ihram. On several occasions he came near to detection; but his readiness and cool head brought him through every difficulty. He seems to think that even had he been discovered, the matter might have been arranged, for money—or, as we call it, blackmail, in our Christian lands. As a last resource, he might have taken refuge with the Sherif of Mecca; but had he been found out at Gibeil Arafat there would have been no chance, for the fierce crowd would certainly have killed him on the spot. Medina, as he says, is much more dangerous than is Mecca, as it is small, the crowd of pilgrims not so great, and the inhabitants are at the same time more fanatical and more wide-awake.

The chief adventure that the author had was on the road from Medina to Yembo with a caravan. One Saad, a Bedouin Arab, seems to have thought that he could play with the young Dervish (the character the writer had assumed), but found out his mistake. "So insolent did he eventually become that I decided to shoot him" (a resolution which, on more than one occasion, his Reviewer has arrived at in relation to his guides). "Informed of that intention, he suggested that we should have it out with swords when we got into camp," a sporting offer which the author closed with on the spot, and would no doubt have given a good account of himself had not the Arab suddenly climbed down, on hearing (this, of course, was a lie, told by one of the natives) that the writer was a nephew of the Governor of Yembo.

This sort of incident enlivens books of travel, especially when told without a trace of swagger, and in absolute good faith.

The book is interesting, and though written in a minor key, lets one see clearly what kind of man the writer is. Burton perhaps had more to battle with; but the writer of the book, had he been called upon, would have fought just as strongly. His peril on occasions was not slight. Now, when he has returned, having endured the heat and cold, flies, lice, and dirt; the insolence of the Arab camel-drivers; the arrogance of Turks in office; and the discomfort of the Ihram; the question that arises is: Was it worth the while? Considered as a journey, perhaps it was not; for Burton did Mecca and Medina for all time; but as a feat of courage and endurance, most certainly it was. The right to call yourself (being a Christian) El Haj is worth a little trouble, and the experience, though rough and dangerous, well worth the cost. If there is any doubt in anybody's mind of the great interest of the actual pilgrimage, this passage should go far to wipe it out. "The uniform movement of this vast concourse" (he is speaking of the

Friday prayer in the Harám of Mecca) "during the prayer, and the strange silence that prevails, appeal strongly to the imagination. During the segeda, that phase of prayer when the forehead is placed on the earth, not a sound but the cooing of the pigeons breaks the brooding silence. Then, as the hundred thousand or more worshippers rise to their feet, the rustle of garments and clink of weapons sweeps over the space like a sudden gust." That the author may live a thousand years is my prayer to Allah; but if he does, he will probably hear that rustle of garments and clink of weapons at his last hour.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

ARTIST AND PURITAN.

"The Life and Letters of Frederic Shields, 1833-1911."
Edited by ERNESTINE MILLS. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE letters and the biographical details collated in this volume present to us a personality which to many readers will appear something like a contradiction in terms. For the late Frederic James Shields was both a Calvinistic Puritan and a fine imaginative artist: two incompatibles which the average intelligence finds it very hard to reconcile. It is, of course, true that the old idea that the Puritan is incapable of art has died out. A wider and saner conception of art perceives that Puritan iconoclasm destroyed only to rebuild in its own image; and that the structure which resulted was, if less outwardly attractive, at least as sincerely expressive of its own æsthetic ideal. But it was Puritan art nevertheless, as distinct from that which it replaced as is the north from the south. Whereas the art of Shields is not distinctively Puritan, except in so far as that which was English in the mid-nineteenth century can be called Puritan. It is closely allied in feeling with that of the pre-Raphaelite group, to which the artist was attached. It aimed at and achieved the rhythm and flow of fine linear design; it was inspired by the higher literary ideas, and perhaps constrained a little by pre-Raphaelite punctiliousness. But, above its orderliness and tendency to preciousness, it rose to considerable heights of imaginative poetry, and even in his religious painting, where one would expect dogmatic theology to exercise a baneful influence, the quality of the spiritual ecstasy is lofty and universal in its essence.

A gloomy Calvinist—that is one's first impression of Shields from these pages. Making due allowance for his upbringing and for the terrible struggle of his early years, one cannot help recoiling a little from his personality. An uncontrollable piety that was not content with shutting out natural and harmless pleasures from its possessor, but must needs seek to impose a similar unnatural existence upon two hapless younger brothers; that must preface every day's diary with the formula, "Wash, prayer, Bible, breakfast" (subsequently abbreviated to W, P, B, B!); that interlarded every letter he wrote with invocations of the Deity; that held him fast-bound by a chain of pessimism about everything and everybody—this is the picture that the early letters and diaries draw for us. One would suspect that a man who wrote so much about his own and other people's sins would be an intolerable nuisance in any social circle, but this undeniably was not the case with Shields. The letters of Gabriel Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown, and others who combined, with unflinching seriousness of purpose, a keen realisation of the joy of life, prove that he was a much-valued intimate of their happy and—despite manifold troubles—laughter-loving circle.

Was it merely artistic sympathy that drew them to him? Not entirely. Shields, whatever his theology, was capable of a truly Christian goodness in the conduct of his life, from which the self-righteousness, suggested by his self-chastisements, was conspicuously absent. His own fierce struggles left in him a poignant sympathy with the sufferings of others. His intolerance of what he believed to be evil and frivolous things softened in the case of friends less serious-minded than himself into something that was almost benevolence. A martyr to nerves himself—a street organ, a screeching parrot, or a motor horn was a calamity from which it took him days to recover, and which was responsible for his constant removals from one house to another—he

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saw the passing of many of

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was capable of the profoundest sympathy with the nervousness that waits upon the artistic temperament. His conception of friendship was vigorous and practical. Constantly he is found fighting the battles of his fellow-artists, the great power of literary expression that he possessed proving a most valuable weapon when a refractory committee or a newspaper editor had to be written to. In one instance at least he performed an act of rare self-abnegation. In the scheme for the decoration of the Manchester Town Hall he was nominated with Ford Madox Brown for a section of the work. He subsequently gave up his share of the commission to the elder artist, for no further reason apparently than that it was an unprecedented chance for the latter to show his powers as an historical painter.

Mrs. Mills's biography tells us that Frederic Shields was born at Hartlepool, the son of a bookbinder with latent artistic instincts that had been sternly repressed by his parents. John Shields, however, encouraged his son to follow art, at any rate to an extent that was reconcilable with the making of a living. To this end, he was placed with a commercial lithographer, named Cowan, in Manchester, at a wage of five shillings a week, on which he had to support life. In his next situation he was paid seven shillings for copying bobbin tickets—a wonderful rise in fortune. The record of this period of semi-starvation is set forth with simple eloquence by Shields himself. Besides this, his father's family was tainted with consumption, of which disease both parents and a younger sister died while Shields was yet a boy, leaving him with the care of two young brothers. He was not altogether successful in discharging the latter task. He failed altogether to make them see the attraction of his austere rule of life, and after a short time both of them fled his fraternal supervision, and found situations in overworked and underpaid employments. Frederic Shields's letters to the "erring" youths are not pleasant reading; they breathe the vindictiveness of a too rigid piety. But in his efforts to provide for the family generally after their father died, he showed a rare unselfishness and devotion. Both the unfortunate brothers died of consumption, and of the lack of a chance to live.

After a time his circumstances improved and he was encouraged to submit a drawing for the "Pilgrim's Progress" to Ruskin. In due course the Oracle replied:—

"Nothing can be more wonderful than this drawing—but I think your conception of Christian false—Christian was no Puritan. I consider Puritanism merely pachydermatous Christianity, apt to live in mud. But you need study among the higher Italians—you have been too much among the Northerners."

Shields was then living on a few shillings a week, so Ruskin's suggestion that he should visit the higher Italians was about as practical as would have been a medical recommendation to winter abroad. Later, Shields consulted him as to his chances as a painter. "I know well enough," returned the Oracle, "without looking at your painting, that you can't paint, and have been wasting your time. No Puritan can paint; but also your drawing is all against it." This opinion was modified very considerably in after years. But at the time, it was, perhaps, as well that there was a more cheery counsellor, Charles Kingsley, to advise Shields not to "mind what Mr. Ruskin says." In 1865, Shields was elected a member of the Old Water-Color Society. During the same year he paid a lengthy visit to London, and from this time onward he was constantly resident in the Metropolis.

He had made some friends and was rapidly making others; his talent was being recognised, and commissions were coming to him; everything pointed to the normal development of an ascetic nature, dominated by art and piety, and sweetened only by the intellectual sympathy of his male associates. Suddenly, at the age of forty, Shields, after "a day of anxious irresolution," married a beautiful girl of sixteen, and, the same day, went off to Blackpool, alone, with a male friend! We can but follow the example of the discreet editor of these pages, and say as little as possible of this amazing union. One need only read two or three of Shields's letters to his wife to pity and sympathise with both of them, but more especially with the latter. A far more pleasant theme is his relationship to the notable artists of his day. This volume includes letters, not only from Rossetti, Madox

Brown, Holman Hunt, Arthur Hughes, but also from Watts, Sir Noel Paton, and many another who was then vitalising the art and literature of England. Apart from the interesting personality of Shields himself, the most fascinating pages are those which contain the letters of his bosom friends, Rossetti and Madox Brown. These letters throw not a little fresh light on the thought and way of life of these two painters, thoroughly as they revealed themselves in the "Pre-Raphaelite Letters and Diaries," and other cognate literature dealing with what was, on the whole, a great and humane movement.

We have said little of Shields's own undertakings. The reader will find full details of the most important of them—notably, the finely dramatic illustrations to Defoe's "Plague of London," the Eaton Hall chapel windows, the great series in the Chapel of the Ascension, Bayswater, and the moving illustrations to the second edition of Gilchrist's "Life of Blake," concerning which Rossetti wrote that Shields had "half-made the book." In general, it is clear that Shields was strongly influenced by Rossetti, and we may surmise that this influence supplied something that was very necessary to Shields's art. From Rossetti he could learn nothing in drawing and little or nothing in design. But it would seem that all that was truly human in him responded to the humanity of Rossetti, and that in the beauty-worshipper the Calvinist discovered an idealism that ran parallel with, though it could never meet, his own. Mrs. Mills has written a life that was well worth writing. A few of the diary entries might perhaps have been omitted on the score of triviality, but, with this exception, there is nothing in her book that is superfluous or ill-judged. Her portrait of Shields stands out firm and true against the background of the richly varied society in which he moved—an intimate portrait, reverently, yet justly, drawn.

WE CHILDREN.

"A Child's Day." By WALTER DE LA MARE. (Constable. 5s. net.)

"Kensington Rhymes." By COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Seeker. 5s. net.)

"Elfin Song: A Book of Verse and Pictures." By FLORENCE HARRISON. (Blackie. 6s. net.)

WHILST an instinct for verse is commoner among children than their elders, a capacity to distinguish between good verse and bad is even rarer. The crudest matter and the simplest rhythmic beat are enough to set the child's senses agog. A certain small boy was taken from the atmosphere of his own home to a Band of Hope meeting, and heard a number of earnest people sing:—

No matter what landlords say,
We're going to clear the way,
Our army's rising, all surprising,
Deeds of bravery banish slavery.
All get ready for the strife,
We're going to clear the way!

and the abominable jingle still runs in his head, after twenty years. He also carried about many delightful nursery rhymes in his mind, but he accepted good and bad with equal zest. The mere gallop of rhythm was all he needed, and it did not matter whether it was true or false. And so it is with most children. When, therefore, we are asked to pass judgment upon verses for children, it is clear that if we are to consider them from the child's point of view the most elementary test will suffice. Each of these three books passes it easily; either will make any but one child in a thousand thoroughly content for an hour or two, and give him rhyme-treasure to carry about until next Christmas comes, perhaps longer. But this is not the true test to make. If this kind of work is to rise above the commonplace, it must satisfy, not only children, but also the child that never grows up in any of us; and to do this, it must at once capture the spirit of that child, and express it with an artistic fitness that shall do no violence to our mature understanding. It must combine the child's spirit with the craftsmanship of the poet, a task the difficulty of which accounts for the rarity of children's verse of durable value, and gives it high distinction in poetry. One of these books constantly comes near to the achievement, the others but occasionally, if at all.

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There is in this essential child a kind of reckless yet wholly sane unreason. Experience is not referred back to other experience, and being thus isolated it probably finds an expression that is not a whit the less significant because it happens to be nonsense. The present writer has a very great friend, whose age is three. He has a quite definite philosophy of the world, and it is almost entirely embraced by the single phrase, "What for?" "This (in deference to his vocabulary) is a very nice chocolock." "What for?" Or, "Be careful, or you'll fall down." "What for?" It is just this excellent inconsequence that we want in this kind of poetry. It is a quality quite distinct from that of poetry about children, and not inspired by the child in man; quite distinct, for example, from Swinburne's poems of children, which have, indeed, the tenderness of childhood itself, but are moved by a mature and strictly reasonable spirit. And the nonsense, if it is to enrich literature, must be governed by the laws of poetry, and not those of wit. Lear's nonsense is obviously the nonsense of a sprightly adult; there is nothing in it of that "What for?"

Before we began to read Mr. de la Mare's book we were confident of finding it to be the right thing, for his other poetry has a rich strain of this very quality of wise inconsequence. Readers of his work will know with what deft art he captures those elusive frolics of the reason that are the adventurous and daily holiday of the child-mind. It is not the work of a great imagination, but of a perfectly unconcerned detachment from recorded experience. He is, normally, a poet who would scarcely be surprised at golden rain or a singing tree, and if he came across them he would have no difficulty in reporting them in a strangely appropriate metrical device. And yet his "Child's Day" is disappointing. The title-page tells us that his verses were written "to pictures by Carine and Will Cadby." These pictures are charming photographs of a charming little girl, but the poet in Mr. de la Mare is constrained by the limitations of his scheme. Not always; sometimes he breaks away altogether, and is admirable. All the time, indeed, we are conscious of the child in the poetry, but it is a child being constantly directed to a given task, which is not delightful to watch. He would like to say "What for?" but has been told that it is not sense. And so, although we can think of no living poet who has a fitter temper than Mr. de la Mare for this work, and although he is within a word of proving it throughout this book, we must wait till another time for the child in him to sing itself out.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie would hardly know the meaning of "What for?" but he makes good cheery rhymes that, without striving for poetry, have wit and high spirits, and succeed completely in their aim, save for a rather distressing sophistication that intrudes here and there. When your ship is heeling over too far on the Round Pond, it doesn't occur to you that it is "a five-and-sixpenny ship that was warranted not to upset," and when she is in danger of wreck in the bath, you don't know that the roar of the tempest is really only the roar of the waste-plug. But Mr. Mackenzie, we are glad to say, gives advice that we can support:—

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MORE contrasts than similarities are presented by these two books, both dealing with naval men. For one thing, the periods

are different, and the Navy itself has in many respects greatly changed. "Jock Scott" is all but up to date, whereas "Shipmates" consists of "portraits from memory of naval officers who were born between 1805 and 1827."

The styles, too, are different. According to a publisher's note, the author of "Jock Scott, Midshipman," is a distinguished naval officer still on the active list, who keeps his name dark lest he should be hampered in carrying out his duties. He writes like a midshipman—a rather naïve midshipman—when he remembers to do so, which is chiefly in letters home; and his patches of explanation for the benefit of ignorant landmen are somewhat conspicuous and sometimes slightly contemptuous. Otherwise his tone reminds one most of a naval officer making an after-dinner speech to civilians. It is humorous description or narration, well spiced with irresponsible chaff at his own, his fellows', and everybody else's expense, as when he says in his preface: "Authors are a modest class of people as a rule—or pretend they are. . . . I cannot bring myself down to their humble frame of mind. I think this is rather a good book, and I think I may be allowed to say so."

Certainly, it is most amusing; though in rattling along at a breakneck pace with, very frequently, a wink in the other eye, and in extracting the comedy from every misadventure, it is doubtful whether it does not distort the picture by glossing over too much the serious, strenuous side of modern naval life. Stoppages of leave, courts martial, butting the admiral in the wind, or giving the captain a ducking, are all right to laugh about—afterwards—in the after-dinner mood. All's well that ends well, is peculiarly applicable to the Navy. Young officers who aim at a career do not find everything a joke nowadays; they have to work, and probably they are worried a good deal more than Jock Scott's happy-go-lucky comments would lead one to believe.

The author has, besides, in fine perfection, the gentlemanly art, which only a geniality like his can excuse, of regarding people outside his own set or rank as another sort of cattle, very funny at their best, or else nothing. In his account of Commander's defaulters, he may, indeed, be laughing up his sleeve. Too many, without laughing up their sleeves, have solemnly assumed that such a slap-dash procedure was necessary to the discipline, customs, tradition, and so forth, of His Majesty's Navy.

"So I was present that day at Commander's defaulters. There was a string of miscellaneous, apologetic-looking men assembled for judgment, in charge of the master-at-arms and ship's corporals (the ship's staff of police). The procedure was simple, and might be copied by our courts of justice with advantage. But though the culprit was always asked what he had to say, no attention seemed to be given to what he did say."

"The worst case of illegality, I won't say injustice (you see I had inherited a legal mind from my father, who was a barrister), was that of a young stoker who was in the report for not slinging a clean hammock. There was no evidence forthcoming at all, as the officer of his division, an engineer sub-lieutenant, was in a boiler and apparently wasn't attainable. The Commander promptly altered the charge to that of being improperly dressed; he had a small tear on the sleeve of his jumper, and his hair was an inch or so too long, and he got five days' 10A without the option of an appeal. However, they all went away quite satisfied."

Doubtless they were wise to look satisfied and to save up their remarks for another occasion; but so little has the procedure, which Jock Scott recommends to courts of justice, given universal satisfaction that, after long and loud complaints, commanders have recently been reminded of their duties, and the work of ships' police and also 10A punishment have both been modified. It was too like whacking a dog for not coming to heel.

Slap-up is the word that insists on coming into one's mind for Jock Scott's breezy descriptiveness. "Shipmates," on the other hand, is very quietly written, with a sense of character, a tolerance for foibles, and tenderness of memory for those old officers honorably dead. Its portraits are really such; possibly, the last we shall get, warm from life, of men who are fast fading into the remoter chill of history. Not that the book lacks humor; there is plenty of it, and plenty of good stories. But it is one of those books which are not easy either to sum up or to take to pieces. Shaw, the adviser of everyone but himself; Blissett, the "swearing anachronism," who said out loud during a sermon, "D—d if I believe that! Do you, my dear?" and then made his apologies at the end by looking

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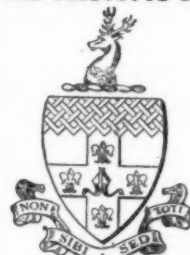
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at the clergyman through his binoculars, and ejaculating, with cordial approval, "And a d—d good sermon, too!"—they and the other old officers are all part of a group from which—just because it is so well drawn as a whole—they cannot readily be detached.

In one respect, they are rather surprising. Mr. Loane mentions how they stuck together in a little society of their own, which kept itself apart from the rest of the world. But although such little societies, especially those on half-pay, are apt to become slightly stuffy, the book abounds in fine sayings of width and sweep.

"A tidy man is nearly always secretive."

"Our religion is like children's rules when playing. They say: 'If you touch me here or there, or if the ball goes over that fence, it's not to count.'"

"People are too fond of expecting gratitude for things they were never even asked to do. They ought to remember what a canny old Scot said a couple of hundred years ago: 'There is no injury worse nor compulsory kindness.'"

"Quarrels between men and women, rich and poor, old and young, are never atoned. They use different weapons and obey different rules."

"Her troubles were always like an expansive gas. One was enough to fill her mind, and a dozen could do no more."

"It does no harm to look at both sides of a question; but you have to drop one of them if you want to get any farther."

"We are told that the action of good and evil are eternal, but if a man does me an injury and I endure it, and take care not to pass it on in any shape or form, have I not destroyed that portion of evil? In the same way, can I not arrest and destroy good by accepting it thanklessly and letting it die uselessly within me?"

In a lighter vein are Shaw's remark: "It's always difficult enough to know what a woman thinks; but if she doesn't talk, you are absolutely in the dark," and the boat-swain's wife's description of Mrs. Hobbes: "She looks as if she'd bin buried and dug hup again."

"Shipmates" is a book which can be read with much quiet enjoyment.

ST. JOHN HANKIN'S PLAYS.

"The Dramatic Works of St. John Hankin." Introduction by JOHN DRINKWATER. (Seeker. 3 vols. 25s. net.)

THE untimely death of St. John Hankin disables a critic of the drama from expressing a definite view of his genius as a writer for the stage. Was it, indeed, genius—a distinct and fertile gift—at all? Would his powers have developed much beyond the point which this collection of his plays reveals? Neither Mr. Drinkwater's interesting introduction nor the works themselves give a decided answer to these questions. Hankin never wrote a great play. His own reflections on the drama show him to have been fully in sympathy with great work, and to be an intelligent friend of the movement of reform. He had a personal view of life; he developed a style remarkable for its ease—almost its grace—of manner, combined with a real, if a little mechanical, power of construction; he had wit; he had a sense of truthfulness in literature. These qualities promised to carry him far; but somehow they were frozen—arrested—in their march and combination. There is some progress; but not much. "The Last of the De Mullins," his final play of any elaboration, is better than "The Return of the Prodigal." But it attests no fresh discovery about his craft. Mr. Drinkwater suggests want of passion as the chief defect of Hankin's art and temperament. Want of vitality, of good spirits, is perhaps a closer criticism. He was a pleasant and accomplished writer, and, if he had lived, should have become a highly popular playwright; he was master of such effects as he designed; in a word, he was a good workman. But he did not build very high; his subjects are bye-subjects, and he seemed to shrink from the enterprise of launching full into the main current of his age and its thought. Hankin took a good deal from Mr. Shaw, but he hardly tendered an effectual fellowship in the fight for the emancipation of the British stage.

The thing which emerges most definitely from this collection of plays and playlets is Hankin's refusal, admirably stated in his short essay, "Note on Happy Endings," to suit his themes to conventional views of what ought to happen to people rather than to the issues to which, given

their characters and their surroundings, they inevitably tend. That was an honest decision. Hankin would not make the clever, listless, good-hearted "ne'er-do-weel" whom he was fond of drawing settle down into the workaday married man. He would not encourage the notion that a boy's silly engagement ought to be followed by a silly boy-and-girl marriage. He took his puppets—who were not all puppets—worked them carefully and skilfully, and saw that they dressed and danced with appropriate gestures. He found that rules for average people ran against a fair number of unusual cases to which they did not apply. He wrote a witty and prettily devised play on a man who called himself "a constant lover" because he was constantly in love. He liked to deal with slightly freakish, sincere, but not successful or easily adaptable persons, and in "The Last of the De Mullins" he struck a powerful and serious note, which brought him up against a genuine case of morals. And he always posed for himself something of a problem, and made an attempt to solve it; only his feeling was not deep enough, or his experience wide enough, or his grasp of life tenacious enough, to give his work the full significance of men who survey their age and truly criticise it. He aimed a few blows at the great forest of Difficulty, and aimed them cleverly and well, and he was enough of an artist to have achieved, had long life been vouchsafed him, a place of some consequence in the reformation of the British drama.

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PRECLUDED by our short-sighted dramatic Censorship from staging a play that dealt fairly enough with George IV. and his unhappy Consort, Mr. Housman now produces a satiric novel on the perplexities that beset a monarch of awakening intelligence. John of Jingalo discovers (on page 44) that he is a mere automaton in the hands of Ministers whom he has good reason to mistrust. He is "officially isolated from his people," and as much "harassed and bedeviled by constitutional usage as the piebald ponies who draw his State-coach." He is not even able to pension the widow of an unlucky steeplejack, who is killed while regilding the vane of the House of Commons, because the Comptroller-General protests that their union has not been legally ratified. When the constitutional crisis between the Cabinet and the Bishops is in full blast, the King "objects, contends, and argues" with the Prime Minister, but is forced to recognise that, like a football, he is going to be kicked by the winning side through the goal of "the Crown's prerogative." Fortunately, in the heir apparent, Prince Max, the King finds an audacious, unconventional adviser who shows him how to pull new ropes, and in Professor Teller, an authority on constitutional law who opens his eyes to unsuspected extant powers of the Crown, now lapsing through desuetude. His emancipated daughter, the vivacious Princess Charlotte, an ardent Suffragette who disguises herself and gets locked up for ten days as a common criminal, is also a delightful asset to any throne so hedged round by paralysing conventions as is the throne of Jingalo. It may be objected that Mr. Housman's allegorical story embraces too wide a field of royal activity for the total effect to be other than one of modified burlesque. And certainly a genius would have so clarified the psychological struggle between the monarch and the man as to have produced a more original picture with far simpler machinery. The King's Ministers are the villains of the piece, and here again the author reverts to the method of melodrama. But as "a story with a purpose," the tale is certainly successful if somewhat fantastic, and a reading of it should convince an intelligent Court functionary that to ban a play may mean increased propagation of an author's ideas by channels less ephemeral and more far-reaching.

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priestesses and their little ways with the confidential intimacy of a flamen, or a janitor of the Temple. How the beautiful, spirited Faustula came to be consigned to a life of boredom in watching the Sacred Flame, with her six companions, is explicable by family reasons. Her indolent patrician father, Faustulus, marries again, and Tullia, her spiteful, peevish stepmother, wishes her out of the way. So Faustula, like many a nun, renounces the world for other people's convenience. It is true that she has liberty of a kind, and when she is on a fortnight's visit to the country estate near Laurentum, which belongs to the college, she meets again the friend of her childhood, Fabian Acilius, now a handsome young officer in the Guards. Fabian is a sincere Christian, and his exposition of his creed leaves Faustula breathless and believing. It is at this point that Mr. Ayscough fully unmasks his Christian batteries in order to drive the erring pagans from their useless entrenchments. Fabian's brother—by an official mistake—is falsely charged with the seduction of a Vestal, and is flogged to death in the arena of the Coliseum. Faustula herself, confronted with the spectacle, proclaims herself a Christian, and suffers the penalty of being entombed alive. Her lover and his Christian friends, however, plan a rescue, and release her when she is at the point of death. These stirring scenes are the strongest in the book, and had they come earlier in a less desultory story, the novel might have become a popular favorite.

In "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," Mr. Leacock, whom we note is of English birth, has succeeded admirably in his design. To catch the atmosphere typical of the settled life of Canada, "a land of hope and sunshine, where little towns spread their square streets and their trim maple trees beside placid lakes almost within echo of the primeval forest," has been his aim, and the kindly satire which glances at the foibles of the leading citizens—Judge Pepperleigh; Mr. Drone; Mr. Jos. Smith, the hotel-keeper; Mr. Mullins, the bank manager; and Jefferson Thorpe, the gambling barber, will not be taken amiss, we fancy, in Mariposa. The author's method of hitting off these worthies, and the outlook and recreations of the little community, have, perhaps, too much the effect of a detailed satire on the limited horizon of a Canadian Little Peddlington. There are signs in his communicative preface that Mariposa's proud satisfaction with its own progress has got a little on his educated nerves; but he has failed to apply the obvious remedy—viz., an artistic delineation of the grey or sombre side of the life, here carefully screened from us. Perhaps it is the lack of subtle shading that makes certain of his sketches, as of "The Rev. Mr. Drone and the Whirlwind Campaign," a little hard and mechanical. Or, perhaps, it is the pervading atmosphere of commercial dealings and of the "business side" that leads to this Canadian township's interests appearing over-materialistic. If so, Mr. Leacock's undercurrent of criticism, implied in his sketches, and expressed in several good-natured asides in his preface, such as "the business man never attains to leisure and ability to think," will serve as a useful corrective to the persistent beams of his optimistic "sunshine."

It may be a relief to some to turn from the citizens of Mariposa to Miss Beatrice Grimshaw's dramatically enthralling narrative of the fierce fight against primeval Nature waged by her plucky prospectors, traders, and officials in the forests and swamps of New Guinea. English human nature, we confess, always seems to us at its best in proportion as the life of action makes excessive demands on its pluck and cheery endurance. Or is it, partly, that the "call of the wild" attracts many varieties of the adventurous type of man whose virtues of ready hand and strong heart outweigh those of ordinary home-keeping citizens? The novelist's description of the landscape of "this last unconquered territory of the world," of "the awful ridges buried in knitted forests, of the torrential rivers, the choking forest's wall, and the blue, far, unscalable mountain home," if a little rough-and-ready, has the freshness and vigor of life, and, moreover, she has created a character to match in the person of the formidable Mrs. Carter, locally known as "the Sovereign," who stands no nonsense from white man or native, and whose readiness to "take the hide off" the latter at a moment's notice is off-set by her cool promptness in succoring the afflicted. Miss Grimshaw, with a fine sense of what her public demands from her, has

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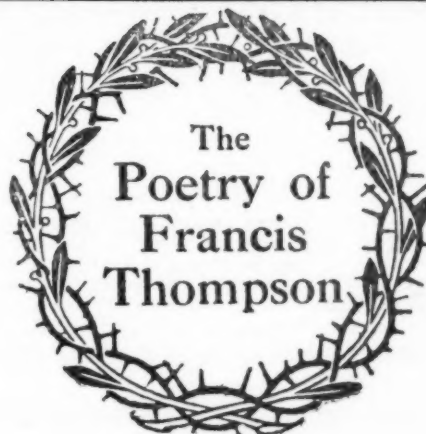
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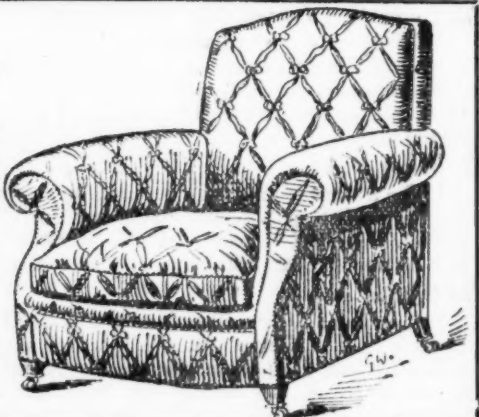
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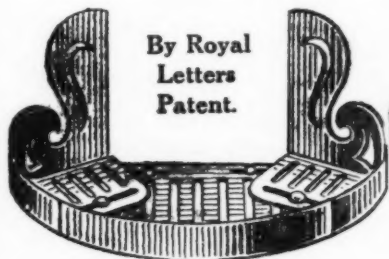
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